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The Paper
That Pays
Advertisers.

ANTI-ALIEN BILL.

Legislative Sieve to Exclude
Undesirable Foreigners.

READ A FIRST TIME.

The Alien Immigration Bill—the most important measure introduced into the British Parliament this session, was read a first time in the House of Commons yesterday.

Responsibility for the Bill was assumed, on behalf of the Government, by the Home Secretary, Mr. Akers Douglas, who briefly outlined its main provisions as follows:—

The Home Secretary may make regulations for the inspection of any ship carrying aliens.

Aliens may be compelled to furnish information as to character, antecedents and identification, place and change of residence.

Infected aliens will be prevented from landing, and, if necessary, deported to their own country.

Any foreigner convicted of a felony or misdemeanour will be compelled, as a condition of his sentence, to leave the country at the expiration of the sentence, otherwise he may be proceeded against under the Vagrancy Act.

AN ATTENTIVE HOUSE.

There was a crowded and interested House, and the members listened with attention to the Home Secretary's speech, which, under the rule, was confined to ten minutes. He disclaimed any intention to unnecessarily interfere with the immigration of foreigners generally, for, he said, the Government recognised that a large number of aliens were loyal, industrious, and law-abiding citizens, but there were certain classes whose presence was not so welcome, and whose repatriation was earnestly desired.

Thereupon Sir Howard Vincent, Major Evans-Gordon, and other East End Unionists who have been persistent and sturdy advocates of restrictive legislation for aliens, and who had sympathetically grouped themselves together, hurried.

Mr. Akers-Douglas pointed out that the number of aliens in this country had grown from 135,000 in 1881 to 290,000 in 1901. These aliens had displaced British labour and crowded our own people out of their dwellings. The feeling between foreigners in London and the native population was becoming very strained, and was a serious menace to the maintenance of law and order, while cases of crime had also seriously increased.

ONE NOTE OF DISCORD.

The Home Secretary, who had, however, exceeded the ten-minutes limit by fully five minutes, elicited for his little Bill a chorus of approval from Ministerialists, but there was one slight note of discord.

Several members rose to speak, but only Sir Charles Dilke caught the Speaker's eye. Amid a running fire of dissentient shouts, Sir Charles, whose deep bass voice was frequently drowned, assailed the Bill. The Government, he said, which was proposing to prevent free European white men coming to this country, was at the same time arranging for the importation of yellow men, under servile conditions into South Africa.

A roar of Radical cheers followed, in the midst of which the informing baronet intimated that an instruction would probably be moved when the Bill was sent to Committee making it applicable to the Transvaal.

In spite of this, however, as the Home Secretary walked up the floor of the House, Bill in hand, and formally presented it, a great shout of triumphant cheers ascended from the Ministerial benches.

LONDON ON THE "GO" FOR EASTER.



Easter, being the first holiday of the year after the long winter, brings gladness to all hearts, and a mighty petition goes to the Clerk of the Weather, imploring him to turn off the water tap and accord a really Good Friday and a fine Bank Holiday, so that London's millions may breathe the pure air of the sea and country. The schoolboy, the costermonger, Tommy Atkins, the City clerk, the City merchant, the shop girl, the politician, and all that do a great City's work, are already preparing for their furlough. Drawn by [a "Mirror" artist.]

Only the railway porter remains behind, as the martyr of Bank holidays.

LAND FIGHTING.

Cossacks and Japanese
Meet in Action.

150 KILLED AND WOUNDED.

There is no reliable news of any operations in Korea or Manchuria, although it is stated that the Russian and Japanese fleets were seen manoeuvring off Port Arthur within sight of each other, but there was no firing.

A report from Seoul asserts that a skirmish between the land forces took place between Anju and Tingju (Chong-ju), in which fifty Japanese and 100 Cossacks were killed and wounded.

It is computed that General Kuropatkin has now an army of 250,000 men at his disposal, including 125 battalions of Siberian Chasseurs.

It has been found necessary to order hundreds of thousands of grey khaki uniforms for the summer clothing of the Russian troops, as their white uniforms are too conspicuous.

The Baltic yard at St. Petersburg has completed the construction of five submarines, which will be dispatched in June to the Pacific Ocean with the Baltic squadron. Others are in course of construction.

Eight new torpedo boats have been ordered by the Russian Government, and it is stated that Messrs. Yarrow and Co. have agreed to sell to Russia plans of the latest ships constructed by them in England.

Betting Tax for Red Cross Society.

A Reuter Special from St. Petersburg says that a duty of twenty-five per cent. will shortly be levied for the benefit of the Red Cross Society on the winnings of persons betting at racecourses on the pari-mutuel system. The duty already existing on railway tickets for the benefit of the same society will be increased.

Reports from Khabarovsk, in Eastern Siberia, at the confluence of the Amur and Ussuri Rivers, show that the cost of living is increasing in an extraordinary manner. Loafings are very dear; meat costs 1s, 5d, a lb., and a bottle of milk 11d.

At Moscow a series of popular pictures, with Chinese inscriptions, is being printed for distribution among the Chinese, the object being to counteract the effect produced by the circulation of pictures of a similar nature by the Japanese.

Lady Writer to Adopt Male Clothing.

Mme. Sturzenegger has left Berlin with the intention of acting as a war correspondent with the Japanese army. She had many friends to see her off, and, in reply to one of them, confidently stated: "I know I shall have a great deal of trouble with clothes, but I shall discard my skirt for trousers."

The Situation at Nanchang.

M. Kraeutler, a Frenchman in the employ of the Russo-Chinese Bank, has been appointed French Consular Agent at Nanchang, and has hoisted the tricolour over the bank buildings.

This is considered to be preliminary to the hoisting of the French flag on all Russian official buildings in the town.

It is asserted that the various Powers were formally notified by Russia several days ago that military necessities had compelled Admiral Alexeiev to sink mines in front of Nanchang, and that consequently foreign ships would run great risk in cruising about the bay.

Against this notification it is said that no protest was made.

Russian Press Turns Friendly.

One of the Russian papers, the "Novost," describes the Anglo-French agreement as "a great historic event," and remarks that "Russia and Great Britain could no less favourably settle the questions that separate them, and which are by no means insoluble. If an Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance were to be realized," it adds, "universal peace, as well as the true interests of Russia, would be completely guaranteed for a long time to come."

The "Russ" points out that, in spite of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, the British Government continues to observe an absolutely correct attitude, which testifies to its firm resolution loyally to maintain its neutrality. The "Russ" regards this attitude as calculated to contribute potentially to a gradual clearing of the political horizon.

Will the Enemy Oblige?

In the House of Representatives at Tokio yesterday (says Reuter) Admiral Yamamoto dwelt upon the great difficulty of successfully bottling up Port Arthur. He said that the project was still far from completion. The revival of the martial spirit on the Russian side since the arrival of Admiral Makarov at Port Arthur was apparent. He expressed the hope that the Russians would boldly emerge from the harbour and attack the Japanese fleet.

BOY OF NINETEEN HANGED.

James Henry Clarkson, a boy only nineteen years old, paid the last penalty of the law yesterday morning in Armley Gaol, Leeds, for the murder of a little girl named Amy. The circumstances of the crime were so brutal that there was no hope of a reprieve, even for one so young as the prisoner.

On the same morning a collier named Henry Jones, aged fifty, was hanged at Stafford Gaol for the murder of Mary Gilbert, with whom he had lived.

Jealousy was the motive, and Jones attacked the man of whom he was jealous, as well as the woman, but the man recovered.

SUBMARINE SALVAGE SUSPENDED.

All salvage operations in connection with the lost submarine A1 have been suspended owing to a southerly gale which prevailed yesterday. The salvage ship has abandoned the wreck and taken refuge in Portsmouth Harbour.

REMARKABLE ELECTION.

CANDIDATE CHOSEN BY A SHOW OF 25,000 HANDS.

Extraordinary scenes were witnessed at Blackburn last night at the election of a trustee of the Blackburn Philanthropic Burial Society.

The office is worth £250 per annum, for life, and attracted two candidates—Messrs. Ashworth and Slater, who each spent over £1,000 in bringing voters to the poll.

The society, whose operations cover Lancashire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Leicestershire, has four hundred thousand members, and as the election was by show of hands it was held in the great drill shed of the Volunteer Barracks, estimated to hold 24,000. An imposing force of police, on foot and mounted, was on duty, with an ambulance detachment in waiting.

For two hours the streets were choked with waggonettes, coaches, and charabancs bringing in voters, while thousands of others came in special trains and special tram-cars, no fewer than seventy of the latter being engaged by the candidates. The cotton operatives marched to the hall in battalions, and in an incredibly short time there were 25,000 people assembled, cheering, hooting, and waving flags, while bugle calls directed each party's demonstrations. Thousands came too late to get inside.

There was a tremendous roar of cheering when the president of the society and the two candidates appeared on the platform. On the name of Ashworth being displayed a forest of hands went up, and cheering ensued which lasted five minutes. Slater's name was greeted with less than half the number, and the chairman declared Ashworth duly elected by three to one.

Slater excitedly demanded a poll, but this was refused. The vast assemblage then dispersed quietly.

FIELD-GUN EXPLOSION.

Four Artillerymen Severely Injured on Salisbury Plain.

During gun-practice and tactical exercises on Bulford Downs, Salisbury Plain, yesterday morning a serious gun accident occurred, in which one non-commissioned officer and three men of the 100th Field Battery were badly injured.

The battery were out at gun exercise, and were firing blank ammunition, when the breach of the gun exploded, owing to the charge being wrongly served, or to the fact that sufficient time was not allowed for the escape of the gases after the previous firing.

One of the men had his hand nearly blown off, and the others were all severely cut about the face, but it is hoped not dangerously. All four men were taken to the military hospital for treatment.

ROYAL TRAVELLERS.

Boating and Cricket Lessons for the Young Princes.

The King and Queen reached Flushing on their journey to Denmark early yesterday, the royal yacht anchoring in the roads at seven o'clock in the morning.

It was not until nearly noon, however, that it came alongside the quay.

Their Majesties landed at ten minutes past three, and were received by Sir Henry Howard, the British Minister, and the Secretary of the British Legation.

The special train conveying the royal travellers left for Copen Hagen, Reuter states, at seventeen minutes past three.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their children arrived at Windsor yesterday afternoon by special train, and drove in an open carriage to Frogmore House, where their Royal Highnesses will stay for about a fortnight. The children will probably remain there for the greater part of the summer, and a pianola has been provided for their amusement.

It is believed that Prince Edward and his brother will be taught boating and cricket this summer. There are facilities at Frogmore. They will also receive riding and bicycle lessons.

KING'S THOUGHT FOR THE PUBLIC.

The King has been pleased to command that steps be taken to render all parts of Richmond Park more accessible to the public than heretofore. With this object, his Majesty has given directions that the preservation of game in the park shall be discontinued, and that woods hitherto closed shall be thrown open where possible without injury to the timber, or without detriment to the preservation of order in the park.

We understand that it is hoped that arrangements may be made to give effect to his Majesty's commands on August 1.

NATION'S CREDIT THE GUARANTEED.

Replying to a question, the Postmaster-General says the excess of the liabilities of the Post Office Savings Bank over its assets, taking Consols at 87½, is somewhat over £10,000,000. The amount due to depositors on December 31 last was £16,133,500, but a valuation on that basis did not give a correct view of the real position. "Depositors," he says, "have as security the whole credit of the nation."

CONTRACTOR'S LAST WORK.

Alderman John Pethick, ex-Mayor of Plymouth, and head of the firm which carried out the widening of London Bridge, died yesterday, at the age of seventy-six, from injuries sustained in a carriage accident on Saturday.

The Emperor William went on board the Italian battleship *Re Umberto* yesterday at Gaeta to visit Queen Margherita. The interview was of a very cordial character.

MINING DISASTER.

TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN RENDERED FATHERLESS BY A FALL.

The old pit of the Swanwick Collieries, in the heart of the Derbyshire coalfields, was yesterday morning the scene of a terrible cage accident. The day shift was about to descend into the pit, and the cage, with the first batch of six men, was being lowered when it suddenly stuck. Three of the men were thrown out and fell to the bottom of the shaft, a distance of seventy or eighty yards. Fortunately the other three clung to the cage, but they had a terrible experience, as an hour elapsed ere they could be rescued from their perilous position. When they reached the surface they were quite overcome by all they had gone through.

The three men killed sustained frightful injuries, but consciousness no doubt left them before their final contact with the earth.

They were Samuel Haycock, of Alfreton, married, who leaves eight children; William Topham, of Swanwick, married, who leaves thirteen children; and John Cope, of Alfreton, married, but with no family.

The cage and the conductors, which were of wood, were repaired on Monday, and it is supposed that the conductors giving way caused the accident. Before the men were lowered the cage was tried in the shaft, and worked satisfactorily.

MURDERER-SUICIDE.

Crossman To Be Buried To-Day in Unconsecrated Ground.

To-day the body of George Albert Crossman, murderer and suicide, will be buried in unconsecrated ground.

The short ceremony, which closes the tragedy of his life, takes place this morning at nine o'clock in Willesden Cemetery.

The remains of his victim, Nurse Sampson, freed from their casing of cement, have already found a resting place far different from that which the murderer intended.

Directly the inquest had closed on Monday, and the crowd in the street had melted away, a plain undertaker's van drove into the mortuary yard, and the sad remains were taken quietly to Willesden Cemetery.

There, with no friends or relations present, the simple ceremony was performed, the only people at the grave being the vicar of Willesden, the Rev. James Dixon, who performed the ceremony, the undertaker, and the undertaker's assistants.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH

Intends to Retire at the Next General Election.

The "Bristol Mirror" of to-day publishes a letter sent by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, M.P., to the chairman of his committee in Bristol West.

Sir Michael says:—"Shortly after I retired from the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer I stated at a meeting of the Unionist Committee of Bristol West that it was very possible that at the close of the present Parliament I should not offer myself again as a candidate for the representation of the constituency.

"The manner in which this intimation was received by the committee was as gratifying to me as the relations between us have always been during the whole period for which I have had the honour of representing Bristol West, and I readily agreed to their wish that no such decision should then be taken.

"But I think that any uncertainty on the matter ought to be terminated, though I do not myself anticipate an early dissolution of Parliament."

"The reasons which induced me eighteen months ago to express the views to which I have referred have gained strength by the lapse of time."

GALLANT RESCUE.

Sailor's Dive in a Sea Swarming with Sharks.

On the arrival of the steamer *Moravian* of the Aberdeen line from Sydney at Plymouth last night, it was reported that whilst the vessel was at anchor in Natal Roadstead one of the first-class passengers fell overboard.

He had gone under for the second time when the ship's storekeeper, named Lancaster, plunged into the water, despite the fact that the sea was thronged with sharks, and held up the drowning man until the ship's lifeboat rescued them both.

LIFEBOAT DAMAGED ON SERVICE.

Flares from a distressed trawler on the Newcombe Sands were seen on Monday night, and the lifeboat Stock Exchange was promptly launched from Lowestoft to her assistance. Great difficulty was experienced in the heavy seas, and several times the lifeboat was dashed against the sides of the trawler, but the gallant lifeboatmen stuck to their task, and ultimately the crew of five men were brought safely ashore.

The lifeboat sustained such serious damage that she will have to be replaced by another boat while repairs are effected.

BISHOP'S GOOD FRIDAY IN PRISON.

The Bishop of Kensington will spend the morning of Good Friday at Wormwood Scrubs prison, where he will speak to the prisoners and visit the cells.

ALDWYCH SITES UNPOPULAR.

Tenants are not coming forward for the land in Aldwych and Aldwyck as was expected. As the L.C.C. are inserting very onerous building conditions, architects will only offer 3s. 2d. per foot, while 5s. is easily obtained elsewhere.

‘C.-B.’S’ BITTER GIBES

Satirical Review of the Government Policy.

MR. BALFOUR’S DEFENCE.

The motion for the adjournment for the Easter holidays produced three boisterous hours of heated criticism of the Government and counter-criticism of the Opposition.

"C.-B." set the ball rolling. Leaning his portly form against the table he held his closely-written manuscript to his eyes and read to his supporters a satirical review of the leading points of the Government policy.

The Opposition leader commenced in Thespian parlance. Eight weeks of the session had gone. Had the play advanced as far as hon. members expected? Had the plot become intelligible and clear? Was the dénouement likely to be that which the author desired? Was it likely to be a tragedy or comedy?

"C.-B." did his best to indicate that it would be of the lighter variety. In caustic speech he described the report of the War Office Reconstitution Committee as a mixture of the pontifical and hysterical.

The War Office triumvirate would be admirably fitted to deal with the Church question and settle the convictions of everybody.

The Opposition Leader glanced over his notes at the Prime Minister, and thunderous cheers and screams of laughter came from the Radicals.

Lord Milner's "Don't Care Two-pence."

Discussing the language of Lord Milner, who was reported to have said he "did not care twopence for the opinions of the people 6,000 or 7,000 miles away," he gently asked if that was "thinking Imperial."

Again the Radicals howled with delight.

"This public servant," continued "C.-B." was appointed to represent the opinions of the people of this country. Has the Colonial Secretary rebuked him for so grave a breach of propriety and so complete a misconception of his official position? If not, what will be done to bring him to his senses?" (Howls of delight from the Radicals.)

Lightly "C.-B." touched on the fiscal question and the Wharton incident, declaring that in everything but Chinese labour the conduct of the Government had been marked by indecision, confusion, and vacillation.

The Liberals cheered delightedly as "C.-B." breathless and almost purple after his oratorical deliverance, sat down. It was not difficult to see that Mr. Balfour was keenly stung by "C.-B.'s" comprehensive attack.

The Premier's Retort.

He commenced his reply with a passing taunt to "C.-B.'s" "carefully-prepared speech." Then he passed to other matters. The Government were not to blame for the present state of public business. The action of the Opposition had delayed matters. Very warmly he protested against "C.-B.'s" sneering one towards a man to whose great services as ex-Secretary for War Sir Henry should have been the first to pay a tribute.

The Premier's eyes flashed as he addressed his remarks to the Leader of the Opposition, who fidgeted uncomfortably under the double fire of Mr. Balfour's castigation and a vehement cheer from the Radicals facing him.

Mr. Balfour next commented on Sir Henry's "peculiar notions" respecting the way in which a great officer of the State, carrying on a task of unexampled difficulty, should be treated. "I do not know the context in which the words quoted were used by Lord Milner, but if Lord Milner intended to imply a certain amount of benevolent contempt for a certain kind of opinion recently expressed upon a subject connected with the prosperity of the country of which he is Governor, I should be the last to blame him."

Coming to the fiscal question Mr. Balfour claimed that there was no ambiguity about the Government's policy, and no reason why they should relinquish their task and hand it over to others who were not so competent as themselves to carry on the policy in which they believed. On the contrary, he believed the Government would be able to add to the Unionist record by successfully carrying out the reform of our Army system (immense Unionist enthusiasm.)

Mr. Churchill's Challenge.

"Contemptible," lisped Mr. Churchill, in his most vehement tones, in summarising the position of the Government. "There is no faith or conviction behind it, and it is impossible to obtain a clear statement of policy. I have been changed from an independent supporter to a declared opponent of the Government, and if in consequence my constituents wish me to resign they have only to call upon me to do so and the usual course will be taken without a moment's delay."

It was noticed that immediately the hon. member rose the Prime Minister and the whole of the protectionists left the House.

The House met again at nine o'clock to discuss private members' motions, but the generality of members were then on their way to the country.

WHAT LORD MILNER SAID.

The full text of the passage in the speech made by Lord Milner at Johannesburg on Saturday, to which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman alluded by our correspondent, and was as follows:

"These attacks have been going on incidentally for five years now. It may be proof of my extreme narrow-mindedness, or it may be proof of my inability to look beyond the most obvious things; but the fact is that so long as I am seated by a comfortable fireside with a roof over my head I do not mind what sort of thunderstorms rage without."

"As long as I possess the confidence of the people among whom I live I do not care two-pence what 6,000 miles away—who don't know what I am doing, and haven't the faintest idea of my intentions—think about me."

"As long as I possess that friendship and confidence I shall continue to work in your service."

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Strong and gusty westerly winds; rather cold and changeable; short sunny periods; squalls of rain and half generally.

Lightning-up time: 7.28 p.m.

Sea passages will be rough on all our coasts to-day.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

An action is reported to have taken place between Russians and Japanese near An-ju, in which the latter were successful. The Russian loss is given as 100 killed and wounded. (Page 2.)

Their Majesties the King and Queen reached Flushing yesterday on board the Victoria and Albert. They are expected at Copenhagen this afternoon. (Page 2.)

The Alien Immigration Bill, which aims at excluding undesirable foreigners, was introduced in the Commons by the Home Secretary, and read a first time after criticism had been offered by Sir Chas. Dilke. (Page 1.)

On the motion for adjournment for Easter, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sharply criticised the policy of the Government. Mr. Balfour replied, and defended Lord Milner, upon whom "C.-B." had made an attack. Later in the sitting Mr. Churchill referred to the position of the Government as "contemptible." (Page 2.)

During practice on Salisbury Plain yesterday one of the field guns exploded. One non-commissioned officer and three men of the 100th Field Battery were seriously injured. (Page 2.)

When the case in which the King's Proctor intervenes was resumed in the Divorce Court, Mrs. Pollard told her story. Mr. George Henry, manager to Slater's agency, was severely cross-examined by the Solicitor-General, and the hearing again adjourned. (Page 6.)

Some fresh facts have come to light concerning the German Crown Prince, whose relations with the Kaiser are now considerably strained. (Page 13.)

Mr. A. H. Harrop, son of a Shropshire squire, was yesterday ordered to pay £1,000 as damages for seduction. (Page 6.)

French weavers on strike at Roubaix came into contact with a body of mounted troops, and many were wounded. At Lille the situation is described as critical. (Page 5.)

The two men accused of coining in South London appeared on remand at Westminster, when further police evidence was given. Counsel for the defence said accused had carried on a large betting business, indicating this as the line of defence. (Page 15.)

For the murder of a little girl at Guisborough a youth of nineteen was executed yesterday. Henry Jones, collier, who cut the throat of a woman with whom he lived, was hanged at Stafford. (Page 2.)

London is to have a new club, known as "The Mercantile," which will contain private rooms with special facilities for the conduct of business. (Page 8.)

Crossman, the Kensal-rise murderer, is to be buried to-day at Willesden Cemetery. (Page 2.)

At yesterday's meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce a resolution was adopted favouring the licensing of all retailers of imported meat. (Page 13.)

Serious allegations of improper conduct were made at the South-Western Court against an engineer named McCarthy in respect of a theatrical agency. (Page 6.)

No fewer than 500 pilgrims leave Victoria Station to-morrow for the purpose of taking part in the world's fourth Sunday School Convention at Jerusalem. (Page 3.)

Because she was a sovereign short in an account collected at Maida Vale, girl absconded to Paris. At Marylebone the magistrate directed a remand in order that she might see the missionary. (Page 13.)

Present indications suggest that weather conditions at Easter will be unsettled. A thunderstorm of exceptional severity passed over the metropolis yesterday afternoon. (Page 3.)

We publish a sketch of the career of Mr. F. A. McKenzie, who has achieved marked success as a war correspondent in the Far East. (Page 5.)

Easter eggs, that is, those in the confectioners' shops, are as popular as ever. (Page 13.)

Officials at the Zoological Gardens are confident that the new Polar bear will prove a suitable successor to "Sam," who was for so long the children's favourite. (Page 13.)

London University will at an early date take over the Goldsmiths' Institute, New Cross. This gift was made quite unconditionally, and with a view to promoting the work of the University on the south-eastern side of the Thames. (Page 9.)

Figures compiled for the Registrar-General show that marriages fall to their lowest number in the March quarter, and rise to their highest in May and June. (Page 13.)

Racing at Nottingham was moderately interesting. Anerster secured the chief event on the programme, the Newark Plate. (Page 14.)

On "Change the tone was distinctly better. In Home Rals, Great Westerns, and Metropolitans were the best. Americans changed but little, and Canadians fluctuated. Foreign bourses gave a fillip to international securities. In mines there was some Continental buying, and most descriptions were better at closing. (Page 13.)

TO-DAY'S ARRANGEMENTS.

Law Courts close for Easter Vacation.

Mr. Harry Lawson opens Dutch Exhibition, Whitechapel Art Gallery, 3.30.

Guildhall School of Music: Students' Orchestral Concert, City of London School, 6.0.

Racing: Northerton.

Racquets: Oxford v. Cambridge (two days), Queen's Club, West Kensington.

HOW PROMINENT POLITICIANS WILL SPEND THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

M.P.'S MERRY AS SAND-BOYS AT THE PROSPECT OF A SHORT RESPITE FROM THE ENERVATING AIR OF WESTMINSTER.

As the rows of little Eton boys who, fresh from school, occupied seats in the Strangers' Gallery, peered down upon the green benches of the Popular Chamber yesterday, they must have realised, perhaps for the first time, that, after all, the House of Commons is not on all occasions the serious assembly it is sometimes represented to be. Yesterday it was in its most undiluted holiday mood. Members, many of whom turned up in new spring lounge suits, bowler hats, and immaculate brown boots, had the infectious gaiety and enthusiasm of a younger generation, laughing inordinately at the smallest joke, cheering immoderately at the weakest call to party loyalty or enthusiasm. Indeed, the difficulty of hearing speeches on breaking-up days in Parliament is almost entirely due to the fact that members are discussing their holiday arrangements with their colleagues when some more serious-minded legislator is endeavouring to discharge his rhetorical duties.

TWO WEEKS AWAY.

Ninety per cent. of the members of both Houses are leaving town. The Prime Minister will spend the fortnight in golfing and motoring; "C.-B." will go to Dover, and subsequently, according to his latest plans, to the Continent. Lord Lansdowne,



the leader of the Upper Chamber, will be Lord Goschen's guest at Seacos Heath. Sir Charles Dilke will stay at his riverside cottage between Shepperton and Chertsey. Lord Rosebery, accompanied by his son, the Hon. Neil Primrose, stays at Gibraltar. Mr. Chamberlain will bask in the Italian sunshine. Mr. Austen Chamberlain will divide the holidays between London and Highbury, his attendance in town being necessary in consequence of the early approach of the Budget, for which event, of course, his distinguished parent will return.

SCATTERED EVERYWHERE.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh goes to Switzerland, Mr. Ritchie to the coast, Lord George Hamilton (Mr. Ritchie's political ally) to Rome, Mr. George Wyndham to St. Cloud's, and thence to St. Giles's, as the guest of Lord and Lady Shaftes-



bury; and Sir Albert Rollit to Paris. The Speaker will take the ozone at his delightful seaside home at Seaford; Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the chief Opposition Whip, will golf at Littlestone; and Sir William Walron will visit the Riviera.

The seaside will be the commonest meeting-ground this Easter, and scores of free trade legislators, including Mr. Winston Churchill, will combine business with pleasure by a tour of the Isle

of Wight, where Major Seely is seeking re-election. It was somewhat ominous that while Parliament was discussing the holiday motion there were sounds of distant thunder!

EASTER WEATHER.

SHOWERS, WITH LONG BRIGHT INTERVALS, MAY BE EXPECTED.

March came in like the proverbial lion, accompanied by gales and snowstorms, but its last days show little of the lamblike character faith in the old country saw entitles us to expect.

Yesterday the weather showed violent disturbance and acute contrast. In the early hours London was swept by a gale accompanied by torrential



were for Bournemouth, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Wight; and there was a steady flow of applicants for tickets for other popular south coast resorts, such as Brighton, Bognor, Hastings, Eastbourne, Worthing, St. Leonards, Weymouth, and Dartmouth.

There was also a great rush of anxious applicants for the cheap tickets for Southend, Ramsgate,

and Margate, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton, and Cromer; and many of the people who crowded the booking-offices yesterday were eager to make sure of their tickets for the one-day trips on Sunday and Monday.

NEW INNOCENTS ABROAD.

FIVE HUNDRED SUNDAY SCHOOL TOURISTS BOUND FOR JERUSALEM.

Five hundred pilgrims will leave Victoria Station to-morrow morning to take part in the World's Fourth Sunday-school Convention at Jerusalem. Paris will be the first stage on the journey, and at Marseilles they will embark on the First



rain. In the forenoon the sun was warm and pleasant between the heavy showers, which at Kingston and other places were followed by hailstorms.

In the afternoon a fierce thunderstorm passed across London and over a considerable portion of England. The lightning was particularly vivid in the Thames valley districts, while at Muswell Hill one of Mr. S. F. Cody's man-lifting kites was struck. Fortunately the men had just retreated under cover, and there was no one near the winch as the current travelled down the wire letting-out cable.

In Lincolnshire farming operations had to be entirely suspended during the afternoon, owing to the persistency of the rain and hail.

What the public is chiefly concerned with at the moment is the prospects of the weather during the holidays. With the wind in the south-west quarter there can be no certainty of any long spell of fine weather, but there are indications that an



improvement may be expected on the experience of yesterday.

The best that can be expected is a showery period with long, bright intervals.

BOUND FOR SUMMER CLIMES.

SOCIETY PEOPLE LEAD THE VAN IN THE EASTER EXODUS.

The Easter exodus began yesterday, but there was no rush or overcrowding. That will not take place until to-morrow.

Throughout yesterday there was a steady flow of carriages and family omnibuses into the principal railway stations, where porters were kept busy amid the piles of luggage that barricaded the platforms.

The people who thronged the railway platforms yesterday were mostly society folk who were off to summer climes. The man from the suburbs, who will take his holiday nearer home, will delay his departure until early to-morrow.

The majority of yesterday's bookings by people who will not leave London until later in the week

looks not altogether unlike a citizen of the world's great cities. He will be likely to be a citizen of the French capital, and find a preventive of brain-fag in the exercise.

[Sketches by a "Mirror" artist.]

Bismarck, of the Hamburg-American Line, which has been specially chartered for the tour.

The cost of the ticket for the entire tour is thirty guineas and upwards; and calls will be made at Athens, Beyrouth, Haifa, Jaffa, Alexandria, and Naples.

The Convention will take place on April 18, 19, and 20, in large tents near Gordon's site of Calvary.

Lessons illustrative of the scenes visited with historical events connected with them will be given on board the vessel, and special musical evenings and concerts are announced to add to the enjoyment of the tour. Although the tour has been organised mainly for clergy, teachers, and Christian workers, advantage has been taken of the opportunity by many others to make a tour to Palestine and the Land of the Pharaohs.

At Jerusalem the pilgrims will be met by a large contingent from America and other countries, who are also going to the Holy Land to attend the meetings of the Convention.

DEATH OF MR. H. C. FYFE.

The death has taken place at Ventnor, Isle of Wight, of Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe, author of "Submarine Warfare" and numerous magazine and newspaper articles. Although he was at an age when many men are only on the threshold of their careers, Mr. Fyfe's work had already earned him a high reputation.

After acting as librarian and secretary to the Royal Institution in Albemarle-street for several years he relinquished this post in order to devote himself entirely to writing. In his leisure hours he had already contributed largely to English and American periodicals, and this double tax on his constitution was only abandoned when it was too

late. On Sunday last he passed away, having fought against increasing weakness with unflinching courage until the last. His personal charm and cheerful disposition had gained him universal popularity, and his loss is mourned by innumerable friends.

MINSTRELS' FAREWELL.

Mohawk - Moore and Burgess
Leave St. James's Hall.

Last year an American syndicate purchased the St. James's Hall and the St. James's Restaurant buildings, and bought out the lease of Mr. H. Hunter and Mr. Francis, whose famous Mohawk Nigger Minstrel Troupe succeeded to the traditions of the equally famous Moore and Burgess troupe at the hall a few years ago.

For the past six months they have been looking for a fresh site where they can continue, but so far without result. The requirements of the L.C.C. are so strict on places of amusement that a small hall such as they require has to occupy as much corner space as a big theatre or music-hall; and here cost slips in, for the prices of seats for minstrels are cheap.

It seems, therefore, that for a time at any rate London will be without a form of entertainment which has amused two generations of children and grown-ups without number.

Our artist depicts the tearful departure of the "chairman" and "bones" on page 5.

WAR-SONG OF THE DON COSSACKS.

This is the popular war-song in Russia to-day, and embodies in song the idea which the Russian artist depicts in the cartoon on this page:

Ah, Mikado, it will be bad,
We will break your crockery
And blow it away like ashes.

RUSSIA USING THE KNOT.



This Russian cartoon shows how the subjects of the Tsar regarded the war before it began. They are changing their opinion now. The cartoon is from a Russian paper. [“Mirror” artist.]

For you to scuffle with us is hard,
Each day you lose a ship.
Brilliant business! Brilliant business!

Give up that idea!
To play with our ports
You yourself will soon have none!

You crawled like a fool to Port Arthur,
Where we have shaken your hide
In a moment! In a moment!

Be wise: and soon
Crawl out of Korea.
Protect your own fleet!

Learn to go like a lobster,
With the fear of a rabbit to Nagasaki,
Back foremost! Back foremost!

Have a shame to show your yellow face
To the loving God's day light . . .
Oh! what a “M U G.”

On Russia stop throwing yourself,
For, in a word, it is like a pup
Barking at an Elephant! Barking at an
Elephant!

You are a bosom friend of New York,
But from us Brat (brother) you will get a
flogging . . .

With a Cossack's “knut”!

You crawl like a fool to Port Arthur:
There Brat your yellow hide will be stripped
off from you . . .

By our sailors! By our sailors!

UNCLE GYLAI.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

A meeting of the Cabinet, presided over by Mr. Balfour, was held at the Foreign Office yesterday.

To repair the damage caused by the cyclone at Réunion the French Chamber is to be asked to vote £40,000.

Major Papin, who was very seriously injured in the Anarchist bomb explosion at Liege on the 18th inst., expired yesterday.

Mr. W. J. Fisher, late editor of the “Daily Chronicle,” has been adopted as the Liberal candidate for Canterbury at the General Election.

Transvaal ex-burglers who surrendered before the conclusion of the war are now receiving compensation for war losses from the special grant.

Plague returns for the whole of India show, according to Renter, that the deaths for the week ending March 19 numbered 40,527, being an increase of 7,000 in seven days.

It is reported from Buenos Ayres that Herr Dufay, the German Vice-Consul at Salta, has been murdered by an Italian beggar out of revenge. The murderer was arrested.

Sir Francis Powell, M.P., is promoting a movement for the taking of a quinquennial census for the year 1906. In the ordinary course a census would not be taken until 1911.

Last session £2,500 was spent on printing answers to questions by members of Parliament, but, owing to an alteration in the form of printing them, a saving of about £1,900 was anticipated this session.

Mr. Scott Montagu, M.P., has intimated his intention to ask the Secretary for War by what authority Generals Gatacre, Thynne, and Trotter have been compulsorily retired, in view of the fact

The Pope has signed the brief appointing Mr. Fenton Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster.

His Majesty's armoured cruiser Northampton left Sheerness yesterday on a three months' recruiting cruise for boys round the British coast.

“Keep away from this questionable amusement” is the advice of a Southern clergyman as to

At the annual meeting of Frederick Gorringe, Limited, held yesterday, the chairman said that bad weather and war taxation had affected their

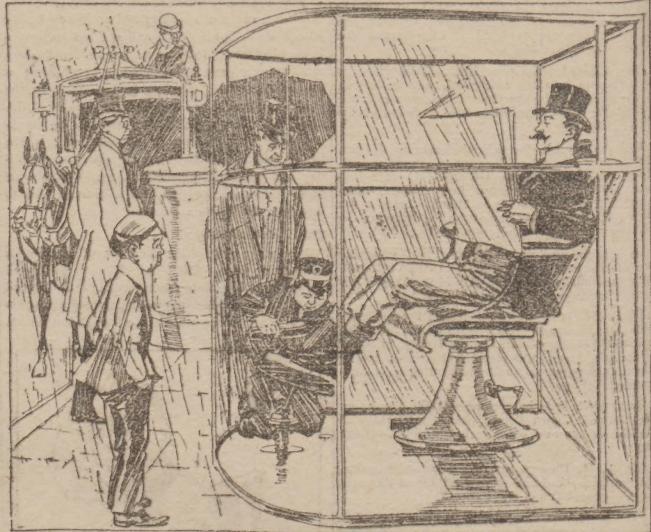
WOMAN HUNTERS.

More About the Dangers of Matrimonial Advertisements.

From all sides and from men and women of all classes and modes of thought we hear praise for our exposure of the methods of men who, like Crossman, make a living by preying upon women and use as their lure the matrimonial advertisements.

After his special service for men at the City Temple yesterday morning, the Rev. R. J. Camp-

SHOEBLACKS IN A GLASS CASE.



It is proposed to introduce to London the American idea of shoeblacks plying their useful trade in rain-proof glass-houses during rainy weather. This picture suggests the comforts of the operation. [“Mirror” artist.]

profits, as they had affected all such businesses associated with articles of fashion and luxury.

There is a sum of upwards of £500 in the Post Office Savings Bank belonging to inmates of Church Army Labour Homes.

An increase in the education rate was foreshadowed in a discussion at the London County Council yesterday.

During the last eight months the exports from the United States to Europe have increased by fifty-seven million dollars, while the imports from Europe have decreased forty millions.

That portion of Kew Gardens between the Queen's Cottage and the Old Deer Park has recently been levelled and improved, and will be reopened to the public about the middle of April.

The King won the first prize and championship at King's Lynn Stallion Show yesterday with Glen Royal, foaled in 1901. His Majesty's Sandringham Royal Duke also took a first in another class.

About 387,000 certificates for exemption from vaccination on the ground of conscientious objection have been granted since the passing of the 1898 Act, but of these 203,413 were conceded in the year the Act was passed.

The fiftieth performance of “The Arm of the Law” will take place on Saturday next at the Garrick Theatre, and will on and after that date be

bell sent out a few words to the *Mirror* representative, who was waiting in the vestry among a crowd of other visitors. “It is a subject,” said the great preacher, through his messenger, “of which I have often spoken. I shall keep the cuttings from the *Daily Mirror*,”

What is worthy of the words of an Evangelist like Rev. R. J. Campbell is surely a thing not to be dismissed with a shrug, or read about with idle curiosity and forgotten.

From “J. A. M.” comes an outspoken letter:

“Referring to your admirable leading article and accompanying cartoon in yesterday's *Mirror*, it seems hopeless to make the least impression on a certain class of newspaper, but surely it is time that a presumably respectable, and certainly powerful, provincial paper was made to feel the pressure of public opinion. I send for your inspection a few advertisements from to-day's issue of that journal. I wonder do the shareholders know how a portion of their dividends is earned?”

We print below a few of the advertisements to which our correspondent takes exception. They appear in the paper from which they are cut under the head of “Miscellaneous Wants”

MATRIMONY.—Gentleman, widower, 34 years, with large property, house, etc., etc., desires to respond with a Lady of suitable position and means, fond of country life; only honourable replies desired.

Are we to infer from this that dishonourable re-

AMATEUR DETECTIVES PICKING UP POINTS.



The “Detectives and Divorce” case has provided a sort of training ground for amateur detectives, who have attended daily to learn the smartest wiles of their craft. [Sketched in court by a “Mirror” artist.]

preceded by “A Marriage Has Been Arranged,” in which Mr. Arthur Bouchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh so successfully appeared at the special matinée last Wednesday afternoon.

Instead of finding and selling gold the Hanman's Kalgoorlie Proprietary, Limited, has been earning £200 per month from the sale of water. Now even this slender revenue has failed, and the company is to be wound up.

Further attacks were made in the French Chamber yesterday on M. Pelletan, Minister of Marine, who was accused (Reuter says) of being wanting in order and method, and of having deferred building torpedoes and submarines.

plies are expected to announcements of this description?

MATRIMONY.—Gentleman, 38, income £180, wants a wife.

Short and sweet, but hardly an attractive income for the prospective bride. The advertiser, by the way, gives a London address.

GENUINE Matrimonial Introductions everywhere; confidential; moderate terms; references; established 24 years.

The *Daily Mirror* will be pleased to receive information from all who leave any address to say upon the subject of matrimonial advertisements. We shall preserve strictly any confidence that may be reposed in us.

JOHN BULL GROWS TOO BIG FOR HIS CLOTHES.

Tailors' Evidence Disposes of the Popular Notion that Englishmen Are Dwindling in Girth and Stature.

Is the physique of the inhabitants of the British Isles deteriorating? This is the important and interesting question which it is proposed should be decided by a census of measurement of the population.

It is very probable that Parliament will shortly be asked to give effect to a scheme for investigating the alleged decline of the national physique. The initiative in this matter will be taken by a committee that has been making investigations for some time past, and it is proposed that a census paper, based upon measurements and tests prepared by Dr. Cunningham, of Edinburgh, and drawn up by a section of the British Association, should be sent to every householder in the kingdom with a request that it be filled up with the age,



SIR CHARLES HARDINGE,
who has recently been appointed Ambassador at St. Petersburg. He has just been knighted.

height, weight, chest measurement, and other details of physique of himself and every member of his family.

It is also suggested that a bureau should be established in every populous centre, where those per-

trated Mirror representative yesterday obtained rough statistics bearing on the point at issue.

Charles Baker and Sons may be taken as a representative house for ready-made clothes for Londoners. In reply to a query from the Mirror representative as to whether his experience showed a deterioration in the national physique, the Lud-

size of hats within the last ten years," said Mr. Cass, "but there is a very distinct difference within the last twenty-five years. Twenty-five years ago the average size hat was 7, now it is 6½."

Mr. Cass's long experience of the heads of representative men of all classes prompts him to the belief that hats have no bearing on the question

WAR WORD-PAINTER.

Mr. McKenzie, the "Daily Mail's" Brilliant Correspondent in Korea.

A few days ago a cable from Seoul announced that Mr. F. A. McKenzie, the brilliant war correspondent of the "Daily Mail," had broken both his legs through his pony falling. To those who



These three pictures represent the mistaken notions of John Bull which have given rise to the clamour in certain timid quarters for a census of the girth and stature of the people. Picture No. 1 shows John Bull, a sort of fat boy dwarf; picture No. 2 shows him with a shrunken chest; and picture No. 3 shows him all going to paunch. But it is a ridiculous delusion. John Bull grows proportionately bigger, broader, and fitter every day, like the mighty empire over which he rules. Every tailor attests this by his tape measure.

gate-hill manager of this house stated that their business as a whole showed an improvement in the physique of the race.

"Far from having a decrease in the demand for our larger sizes of ready-made suits," he declared, "we have had to add two sizes to our stock. Our largest size for young men—youths we call them—had for many years been 'eighteens'. This is a 36½in. chest for a 5ft. 9in. height. Of late years we have had to add suits of a size we call 'nineteen.'

"This has an increased chest and leg measure-

ment of the deterioration or otherwise of the race. "There are clever men with small heads and clever men with big heads," he declared; "there can be no general rule."

The decrease in the average size of hats is partly attributed by Mr. Cass to the fact that men nowa-

days wear their hair shorter than was the habit a quarter of a century ago.

"Also," said Mr. Cass, "hats used to be worn lower on the head than they are now."

The officials who control the Army recruiting for the Home Department have no evidence to offer that need cause alarm for the future of the race.

"The principal causes for rejection of recruits," said Major Fayer, of the Medical Inspection Department, "are always bad teeth, varicose veins, or deformity of some kind, and there is no alarming increase of these features."

Judging from his past record, Mr. McKenzie's being still on active service will mean that we shall have early and picturesque accounts of the coming campaign in Korea. During his ten years of journalistic life he has shown himself second to none for enterprise and energy. Beginning as assistant editor of the "Echo" in 1894, Mr. McKenzie afterwards attached himself to the "Daily News," which he left in 1900 to join the "Daily Mail."

He went from Australia to the Far East for the

present campaign, was the first correspondent to

get to the front in Korea, and made the world ring

with his brilliant account of the thrilling sea fight

MR. F. A. MCKENZIE, "DAILY MAIL" WAR CORRESPONDENT.



The Russo-Japanese war has given little opportunity to correspondents so far. But Mr. F. A. McKenzie, one of the numerous band of "Daily Mail" representatives at the front, has already done brilliant service for his paper. His graphic pen gave to the world the first vivid description of the great sea fight at Chemulpho, and Mr. McKenzie was the first correspondent to get into the fighting line of the Japanese forces.

[From photo by Ernest Mills.]

sons who wish it can have anthropometrical measurements taken by male and female census takers.

A fairly accurate way of estimating whether the race is deteriorating or not is to obtain statistics as to the clothes which the people wear. No man can well conceal his physical defects from his tailor, and from representative London tailors a "Daily Illus-

trated Mirror" representative yesterday obtained rough statistics bearing on the point at issue.

The bearing which hats have on the matter was interestingly discussed by Mr. Thomas Cass, whose house, Cass late Bax, is perhaps the oldest in the Strand.

"There is no noticeable difference in the average



of the Mohawk-Moore and Burgess Minstrels, who will abdicate from his mirth-making seat on the 9th of April, to the regret of Londoners.

[Drawn by a "Daily Mail" artist.]

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"THE SHULAMITE."

"The Shulamite," by Alice and Claude Askew (Chapman and Hall) is a strong and moving story of the love of a young Boer woman for an Englishman who has taken up the post of overseer on her husband's farm. The inevitable tragedy is well led up to, and the closing scenes of the book are written with forceful but simple pathos.

"AFTER DUE DELIBERATION."

A widow of an Indian Mutiny veteran at Axminster has just received his husband's share of the Delhi prize money, 1857—now forty-seven years ago.

at Chemulpho. He was sent back from the front by the Japanese officials, but is now again hard at work in Seoul, the capital of Korea.

TROOPS CHARGE FRENCH WEAVERS.

Weavers on strike at Roubaix made several demonstrations on Monday afternoon, and attempted to make barricades in the streets with overturned carts.

A body of mounted troops charged the mob, and a number of persons were wounded. The strikers now number 4,000. At Lille the situation is critical.—Reuter.



who will no more set "laughter a-holding of his sides" in St. James's Hall after the 9th of April, when the Mohawk-Moore and Burgess Minstrels give their last two performances.

[Drawn by a "Daily Mail" artist.]

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

STAGE-STRUCK GIRLS.

Would-be Actress's Painful Story of Disillusionment.

A piteous story was told by a comely, innocent-looking girl at the South-Western Police Court yesterday.

Albert Charles McCarthy, of Renfrew-road, Tooting, stood in the dock charged under a section of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, Mr. Frayling, who prosecuted for the Treasury, said that accused had inserted the following advertisement in a South London paper:—

Wanted, three young ladies (beginners) for music hall sketch. No premium. Salary given. State age, height, and photo, if possible, to Manager, Box.—

Young women anxious to secure work had advertised this advertisement. McCarthy, who was an engineer and a married man, had taken a room at the back of a news-seller's in Bedford-road, Clapham, answered their applications from that address, and made appointments for them to meet him there. When they called he described himself as "Mr. John Lawson" (the name of a real music-hall artist), and said he was running a sketch called "Sally in Our Alley," which is the name of a real sketch being produced by the real Mr. Lawson. He promised, continued counsel, to secure the girls contracts, and then took advantage of them.

A Smart Arrest.

The case was brought to the notice of the Treasury through one of the wronged girls speaking to Mrs. Dixon, the landlady who let the room to McCarthy. Mrs. Dixon informed the police, and though the accused managed to evade arrest for some time, he was eventually recognised in a Tooting public-house by the witness about to be called, and taken into custody.

Before calling his first witness Mr. Frayling asked that her name should be withheld. The position of the poor girl was painful in the extreme, he said, and to publish her name in connection with such a story would be to unnecessarily punish her for no fault of her own.

Then a pretty, neatly-dressed young woman stepped into the witness-box. She gave her evidence clearly and decidedly, but its recital often brought her to the verge of tears, and more than once she had a great struggle to preserve her self-possession.

She was, she said, twenty-three years old, and when her mother died fifteen months ago she had gone to live with her two brothers in Brixton. In response to her reply to the advertisement she received a postcard instructing her to call at 128, Bedford-road, Clapham. She did so, and found several other girls waiting in the shop there, each of whom went into the room behind it in turn. Accused showed her a theatrical bill, and said he was the Mr. John Lawson running the sketch described thereon. After asking her several delicate questions he promised her an engagement in a boy's part at fifteen shillings a week.

She called again for her contract, and the accused then said "it will be ready on Thursday." He asked her questions about her ability to dance. She could not do all that he said was necessary, and so he promised to help her. Then, continued

PROBING DETECTIVES' DIVORCE METHODS.

Mrs. Pollard, Who Wanted To Be Free from Her Husband, and Slater's Manager Give Evidence.

Are law cases benefited by "week ends"? Do they, like lawyers and other individuals, come back to business fresher and fitter for a respite from work?

The answer to this question is "Yes," judging from the lively, sprightly demeanour of the Pollard case in the Divorce Court yesterday. On Friday last the case was adjourned in a jaded and listless condition. Yesterday it returned to court obviously braced and set up by its three days' change of air.

Matters at once became bright and interesting when the first witness of the day was called. This

If you are a detective you cannot talk to your man on the pavement.

Sir Edward Carson: I have heard enough about "on the pavement."

Mr. Henry is a clean-shaven man, with a frank, engaging manner. He is a humorist, too, for Sir Edward appeared to be constantly detecting humour in his replies, and the Solicitor-General's usually earnest countenance wore an almost continual smile.

The first thing that amused him was Mr. Henry's explanations of why Slater's do not keep a letter-book and detectives' expenses account books. With regard to the absence of a letter-book Mr. Henry

MR. HENRY, "SLATER'S" MANAGER.



This gentleman is one of the most interesting witnesses in the notorious "Detectives and Divorce" case that is still running in Sir Francis Jeune's Court. He provided an afternoon's laughter yesterday. Under examination by Sir Edward Carson, he said information could only be gathered in "convivial circumstances."

[Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.]

was Mrs. Pollard, charmingly attired in a navy-blue costume with a Cambridge-blue front. Mrs. Pollard was apparently wearing her boat-race gown.

She has light blue eyes, too, and these she fixed appealingly on Mr. Barnard when he began his examination of her.

In response counsel took Mrs. Pollard rapidly through the sad story of her married life, and made it as easy as possible for her to tell how her husband had taken her sheets to raise drink-money on, and had, under the mistaken notion that she was an animal, made thrusts at her with a stick.

"His language was terrible, terrible, fearful," explained Mrs. Pollard tearfully.

Sir Edward Carson was not so accomodating as Mr. Barnard. He lingered long over questions and insisted on replies. In giving these Mrs. Pollard's tones passed from the tearfully tremulous to the dramatically emotional.

Mrs. Pollard's Emotion.

Why did she tell Mr. Knowles that she wished her husband watched? Well, she wanted to be free from her husband. She wanted "to end her miserable life" and to be entirely free. "I can only tell you what I feel," she concluded, with a catch in her voice that sounded like a sob.

Very gently, but very persistently, Sir Edward Carson pursued his questions. Had Mrs. Pollard been with Mr. Knowles to dinner before the divorce? Had she been with him to the theatre?

Mrs. Pollard replied, "Never," and Sir Edward echoed, "What, never?" But the lady, instead of joining in with, "Well, hardly ever," in accordance with the artistic demands of the situation, retorted more emphatically than before, "No, never! never!"

All that she would admit was that she had talked with Mr. Knowles on the pavement in the open street, and had once taken a ride with him on the "Tuppenny Tube."

A Question of "Drinks."

By a curious coincidence, Mr. George Henry, Slater's manager for sixteen years, who occupied the witness-box soon after Mrs. Pollard left it, referred to the street pavement before Sir Edward's cross-examination had lasted long. His attention had been called by Sir Edward Carson to passages in the reports sent to him by the detective Smith, which mentioned the pecuniary strain on Mr. Smith's resources in the matter of buying drinks. Why did detectives have to provide drinks for the men they were shadowing? Sir Edward asked.

Mr. Henry somewhat hesitatingly explained. Information, he pointed out, could be got more readily in a "convivial circle" than elsewhere.

pointed out that letters sometimes went wrong in the post—(great laughter)—and, with regard to the account books, he declared that if they were kept the office would not be large enough to hold them.

"I suggest it is convenient not to keep them, because they might be asked for," said the Solicitor-General, after he had asked whether Slater's business was as large as that of the Bank of England.

Mr. Henry had taken up an attitude of strong disapproval earlier in the afternoon to the methods of the detectives Smith and Davies. He had recalled Smith, he said, directly the latter proposed to introduce Mr. Pollard to young women. Of Davies's Jersey exploit he knew nothing—except by rumour—until the story was brought to his notice by the intervention of the King's Proctor.

Why were these detectives not dismissed? Sir Edward asked, and, regardless of the fact that Davies was sitting, with pained surprise in his eyes, by the side of the jury box, he went on to inquire, having mentioned Davies's name, "Why did you send this blackguard on another inquiry?"

Another point that the Solicitor-General said he was mystified about was how it occurred that when Davies returned from Jersey he did not give full particulars about what he had done to Mr. Henry.

With regard to certain detective reports produced, the Solicitor-General spoke in a very uncomplimentary manner.

Searching Questions.

One of the reports that came in for this criticism was a report, dated from Plymouth, purporting to describe certain harmless discoveries that Davies had made about Mr. Pollard during the trip to Jersey. But there must have been some other report, Sir Edward argued, inasmuch as Mr. Knowles had paid £250 for work done in Jersey on the very day on which this suspected report was dated. The latter report could not have come up all the way from Plymouth in time to have its purport imparted.

Mr. Henry replied that Mr. Knowles was merely informed that the "Jersey party" had returned.

This answer inspired the Solicitor-General to draw a sketch of what happened in Slater's office—according to Mr. Henry. Mr. Knowles must have come in and asked what had occurred. Slater's then told him that Davies had returned from Jersey. Then Mr. Knowles no doubt said, "Please accept my cheque for £250 for that very valuable information." (Loud laughter.)

After to-day the Pollard case will take a long Easter vacation, and will come back to court with its strength greatly renewed on April 20, so it has been arranged.

SHATTERED LOVE IDYLL.

Milliner's Daughter Obtains £1,000 From a Squire's Son.

In order that he might study farming in its more scientific aspects, Arthur Hulton Harrop, the son of a well-known Shropshire squire, living at Lythwood Hall, near Shrewsbury, was sent to an agricultural college at Newport, a small town in the same county. Here, on the occasion of a May Fair, he made the acquaintance of Miss Gertrude Howle, the seventeen-year-old daughter of



MRS. POLLARD,
the beautiful petitioner in the "Detectives and Divorce" case, who obtained a decree nisi against her husband, against whom the King's Proctor is Sketched in court by an artist.

a milliner. The acquaintanceship ripened, and often during the summer they took walks together in the country lanes.

But the idyll has been rudely shattered, for Mrs. Howle, the girl's mother, is now seeking at Birmingham Assizes Court to recover £2500 damages, alleging that during one of these walks young Harrop was guilty of misconduct.

In support of her claim she went into the witness-box yesterday, and told the Court that at the time she met Harrop her daughter had just returned from school at Lewisham, where she had confirmed the impression that she was destined to have a successful musical career.

She passed with distinction several examinations connected with the Royal Academy of Music. Her accomplishments had attracted the notice of, among others, the Duchess of Sutherland, and Lady Boughley, and she was introduced to Sir Alexander McKenzie.

Mrs. Howle, on discovering her daughter's condition, took to Mrs. Harrop, at Lythwood Hall, and the latter said she was not in the least surprised, as her son was "shocking."

The Mother's Criticism.

The first time that Mrs. Howle heard of young Harrop was on May 28, when her son said that Harrop had been "noticing" Gertrude at the May Fair. Later, Harrop passed her shop at Newport, where she was carrying on business as a milliner, and she remarked to her daughter that she did not like the look of him.

When, on August 6, her daughter received a letter from young Harrop, asking her to meet him at Cheneys-street, near the college, she thought there had been a flirtation between the young people.

After this she sent her son Freddie to see that nothing wrong was done. She knew Mr. Harrop, sen., was a man of good position, and she did not



THE STAGE-STRUCK GIRL,
who told a piteous story in the South-Western Police Court yesterday. Counsel for the Treasury requested the "Mirror" representative not to publish her name.
Sketched by a "Mirror" artist.

think that young Harrop was paying her daughter honourable addresses, but, of course, she never expected anything like this.

By Miss Wood, principal of a musical college, Mrs. Howle was described as a sweet, unsophisticated girl, absolutely modest, refined, and gentle.

Mr. Hugo Young, K.C., said he would show that this was not altogether a correct description of the young lady. She had, he alleged, been flirting and larking with a number of students, and he would have no difficulty in proving that Harrop never met her on the evening specified. The defendant would admit improper behaviour on the occasion in question, but would deny actual immorality.

After hearing witnesses for the defence the jury found for the plaintiff, and awarded Miss Howle £1,000 damages.

the witness, he was guilty of the offence with which he is charged. In her ignorance she made no objection.

Later on she called again about the contract, and McCarthy read her a short-hand note which he said was a draft of the contract he was going to send her. He asked her whether she would have anything to drink, but she refused. She objected to the way he treated her, but he said that it was all right. He wouldn't see her come to anyone.

Discovers Her Mistake.

"Then," said the witness, her lips trembling, "I found out Mr. John Lawson's private address and went there, expecting to see this man, but I discovered I was mistaken. I went round to Bedford-road again, and he was not there, so I told the landlady what had happened."

McCarthy arrived shortly afterwards, and they then walked down the street together. She told him that she was not feeling well, and McCarthy bought some pills at a chemist's, telling her to take them. That was the last time she saw McCarthy until asked by the police to identify him.

Cross-examined by Mr. Thompson, who is appearing for the accused, the girl said she had learned to dance and do some high kicking at school. Mrs. Dixon, the landlady, had been in the shop each time she had called to see McCarthy.

At the close of the cross-examination the accused was again remanded until next week.



ALBERT McCARTHY,
who answered to a serious charge under the Criminal Law Amendment Act, at the South-Western Police Court yesterday.
[Sketched by a "Mirror" artist.]

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYM'S RKE I.—TO-DAY, at 3 and 9. LADY'S TANGLE.—Tangled. By Horace Jones. PRESENTS at 2.30 and 8.30, by THE WIND. WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY, 2.30. **HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE**—MR. TREE. CLOSED during HOLY WEEK. REOPENING EASTER MONDAY, at 8.15. **THE BARLING**—WITH THE GODS. By David Belasco and John Luther Long. **Zakkuri** Mr. TREE. **YO SAN** Miss LEENA ASHWELL. **MATINEE** EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watton) open daily 10 to 7.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster. CLOSED. REOPEN EASTER MONDAY EVENING. Mr. LEWIS WALLER in **A MARCHAGA** OR CUNEVENCE. EVERY EVENING and SATURDAY MATINEES. SPECIAL MATINEE WEDNESDAY, April 6, at 3.

ST. JAMES'S, MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. EVERY EVENING (except Thurs., Fri. and Sat.) 8.30. **OLD HEIDELBERG** (23rd and 25th inst.) LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY, April 6, at 2.30. **LAST MATINEE** TO-DAY (Wednesday) at 2.15.

PRODUCTION of SATURDAY TO MONDAY, April 14.

STRAND THEATRE, Proprietor and Manager, Mr. FRANK CUBZON. A CHINESE REVIVAL ON THE 23rd and 25th inst. LAST MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.

THE OXFORD—HACKENSCHMIDT. World's Champion Wrestler. LITTLE TICH. Ado Corito, Norman French, MIKE S. WHALLEY, Howard and S. CHAS. MARK MELDRUM. Sister Jonhson in **EDGERTON** (23rd and 25th inst.) LAST MATINEE WEDNESDAY, April 6, at 2.30. Manager—Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK. ADMISSION 6 PENCE daily from April 4th to 9th inclusive. ADMISSION ON GOOD FRIDAY AS USUAL, ONE SHILLING.

PERSONAL.

ULVA.—Thursday. Food love—WEST. **TEZIS**.—Don't call; cannot see you. G. at home.—**DIANA**. **ALICE B.**—Communicate with solicitors. Mater will help. **SISTER J.**—

HIBERT.—Waited hours Sunday. Why did you make appointment and break it?—**ETHEL**. WANTED to purchase volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch," for each year from 1801 to 1819 inclusive, and for the year 1820. Address—Mr. "Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

** The above advertisements (which are accepted up to 7 p.m. for the next day's issue) are charged at the rate of eight words for 1s. 6d., and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be sent to me by post, or by post with post-order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 6d. per word after.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are:—
2, CARMELITE-STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn. The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are:—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W. TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refined," London. PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Taitbout.

The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES.

John Bull and His Physique.

What is the matter with John Bull's physique? Is he too lazy physically and too active mentally? Does he work too hard and play too little? Does he eat too much or not enough? Does he get sufficient clean air and clean water? Does he take too much alcohol? Would he be better off if we had conscription and he were forced to drill and live in barracks every once in a while?

If Mr. Bull is consumptive and puny and pallid, Mrs. Bull looks as if she has an excellent physique, and Miss Bull is rosy and tall and high spirited.

Mrs. Bull, of course, does not smoke strong tobacco. She drinks water instead of whisky, and she eats considerably less than her husband. The same is true of Miss Bull.

Mr. Bull, in explaining his supposed ill-health, of course dwells at once upon the immense amount of worry that comes to him. He has to worry about the fiscal question; Mrs. Bull hasn't. He has to sit in a dusty office and listen to people who come to him and talk twaddle. His life is tiresome and monotonous. He sells pig-iron day after day for a generation or cures the same sort of people of the same sort of diseases. There is no variety.

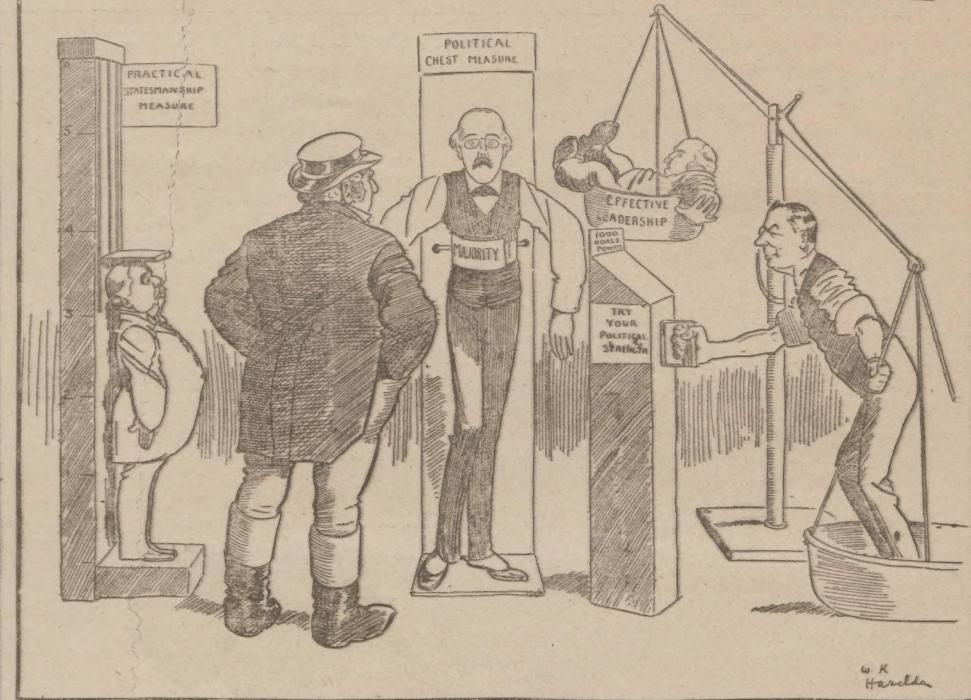
What is the matter with things? Should we be better off if we lived in trees like our ancestors, or do we lack health because we ought to live in caves, and don't?

At any rate, if we were all healthy we should miss one of the principal topics of conversation. Most men imagine that their health, their gout, or their dyspepsia is of absorbing interest to their neighbours, and they issue full verbal bulletins daily about these matters.

We venture the suggestion that if John Bull is feeling seedy it is because he talks too much. From the moment a man rises until he goes to bed his principal idea is to gabble as much as he can. The workman wastes a large part of his time in silly chattering about things that are of no account, and the professional man talks everyone to a standstill. The result of all this talk is a useless expenditure of brain force, for energy is used up even in talking nonsense.

If John Bull would make up his mind only to talk when he had something to say, the output of verbiage would diminish by about 90 per cent. We should not have to wear out

TAKING STOCK OF POLITICAL STATUTES.



While rumours are in the air about the General Election and the "Census of Physique," John Bull weighs and measures his political leaders. Mr. Balfour is seen suffering from a "minority" of inches round the chest, and Lord Rosebery is growing positively "wee." On the scales Mr. Joseph Chamberlain makes "C.B." kick the beam; and the ex-Colonial Secretary is at once the "heavy weight" and "strong man" in the John Bull school of political culture.

our brains in listening to balderdash, and we should have time to think.

We are all offenders in this respect. Even Mr. Balfour does not know when to sit down. The verbiestness of nearly every member of Parliament is absolutely appalling.

It is John Bull's brain that is tired; not from intelligently using it, but from talking and listening to meaningless remarks. He is the victim of those who talk merely for the sake of saying nothing.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The German Ministry of the Interior pays about £500 a year towards the extermination of vipers in that country. The reptile Press, however, still flourishes like the green bay tree.

A military spirit pervades Harbin, and even the telegraph clerks wear swords, which may come in handy later for cutting down the messages of war correspondents. The telegraph messengers only carry catapults, as in this country.

A student of Athens University has blossomed forth in two distinct lines of business. When he is not blacking boots in the public streets he is writing deathless verse in an evening paper. In one at least of these callings he is bound to shine.

In response to Mr. Swift MacNeill's question whether idols would be supplied to the Chinese labourers in South Africa, a correspondent suggests that the Liberal Party might send out a selection of fly-blown phaethon. Doubtless the Chinaman is not particular.

The public whose knowledge of geography is limited was rather puzzled to hear that the Tibet mission was advancing to Gyangtse. The matter was made plain, however, by another line in the telegram, which announced that Gyangtse was on the River Penanagchu. Nothing could be clearer than that.

The scheme for a census of physique by means of official papers to be supplied to each householder for the due recording of his own and his family's pounds and inches seems to be foredoomed to failure. Was there ever a man yet that didn't lie about his chest measurement?

A contemporary, reviewing Sir Archibald Geikie's reminiscences, states that the book is full of good stories, and proceeds to quote two or three remarkably stale chestnuts as evidence of the fact. Of course Sir Archibald, as a well-known geologist, is an authority on fossils, but where there are so many stories to select from the process strikes us as unkind.

The issue of the twenty-first annual report of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, of which the Earl of Meath is chairman, recalls one of Lord Rosebery's most delightful mots. Someone had been eulogising the Earl of Meath's public spirit. "Oh, yes," said Lord Rosebery, "if Meath had his way

he would pull down the whole of London and convert it into an open space for the inhabitants."

H.M.S. Northampton has left Sheerness, says a telegram from that port, on a three months' recruiting cruise for boys. Tired business men who would like nothing better than to recruit themselves will envy the lucky little fellows their long holiday.

The pretty Russian variety actress who is patriotically selling kisses for the war fund at a sovereign apiece is naturally doing a roaring trade. This is the way to awaken the sacred fires of patriotism in the masculine breast. One purchaser, however, is said to have been dissatisfied, and to have offered to return the kiss if he might have his money back. The offer was not entertained.

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

RUBBISHY MUSIC.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

It is not high time that some change should come in the music selected for performance by orchestras at theatres and restaurants? At present we are surfeited with such tame, offensive, wholly brainless "music," leave the mark, as "Hawthorne," or pretty but harsh classical songs such as "Sammy" and "Mavis," "I've Little Canoe." There are plenty of orchestral pieces by the great composers ready to the hands of conductors. If you must have light music, why are the superb orchestras so neglected?

MUS. DOC. Kensington.

WHO MAKE THE BEST WIVES?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

Your correspondent in to-day's issue is of opinion that business women make the best wives. I cannot agree with him. I married a French girl. She is a heaven-born housekeeper, and not above cooking with her own little hands at a pinch. She is always happy and gay; she dresses to perfection, but is never extravagant, and she is a model mother to our two children.

H. V. L. Cadogan-gardens, March 29.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

I do not agree with "E. H. C." as to his opinion on who can make the most of a pound a week, the country servant or the London business girl. The general run of the London business girl is not suitable for a working man's wife. The London girl has all sorts of expensive ways, such as going to theatres, and must be up to date.

West Kensington. J. H.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

I think that most women make good wives. A short engagement is wise. A man ought to know thoroughly to his fiancee's character before he engages upon the solemn contract of matrimony. It doesn't matter whether she is town or country bred. A good woman will always adapt herself to her surroundings.

CONTENTED. Portman-square.

THE IMPORTATION OF DOGS.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

For several years I have been unable to leave England because, although I can take my dogs with me, I may not bring them back, except under impossible conditions of quarantine. There must be many women situated as I am. Is there no hope that the Act, having now done its work, may be altered or modified?

E. M. B. Ovington-square.

DO WE EAT TOO MUCH?

Prominent Doctor Says It All Depends On the Individual.

A *Mirror* representative, in view of the interest which has been aroused by the overfeeding question, called yesterday upon a physician in Harley-street, who is an expert upon the subject.

"Of course, we all eat too much," said the specialist—himself, it may be added, a man of no slight build and girth. "Much too much. But it is impossible to be drastic or to hold cranky views upon such a subject. Every individual must think these matters out for himself. I have successfully reduced the bulk of many public men, but they have groaned and grumbled. Just because I advise a patient to avoid potatoes or new bread he immediately begins wildly to desire them as a food."

"What particular food do you think we take to noticeable excess?"

"One Man's Meat—"

"Meat, undeniably. Next starchy foods of all descriptions. I, personally, do not believe in vegetarianism, but," he added, with a smile, "if you once get upon that subject you will have raised a storm about your head which will be difficult to shake off. The *Mirror* will not thank me. The real truth is that some people, owing to heredity, can eat twice the amount that others can. And, in many cases, mind you, without injury to their constitutions."

"It is a great mistake to suppose that over-eating necessarily makes a person fat. Some of the heaviest eaters I have had as patients have been lean, spare men. I do not, except in certain cases, look with very great disfavour upon sugar. It is an admirable and sustaining food for some people. For others it is often not only a slow, but an active and virulent poison. So also in many cases is meat; various kinds of fruit—although fruit is invaluable to many constitutions—kill hundreds. One man may drink beer and profit by it; another must not touch it on peril of his life. Yes, we all eat too much; that may safely be stated. But we can lay down no strict law as a generality. The whole question depends on the individual temperament."

Anaemic Vegetarians.

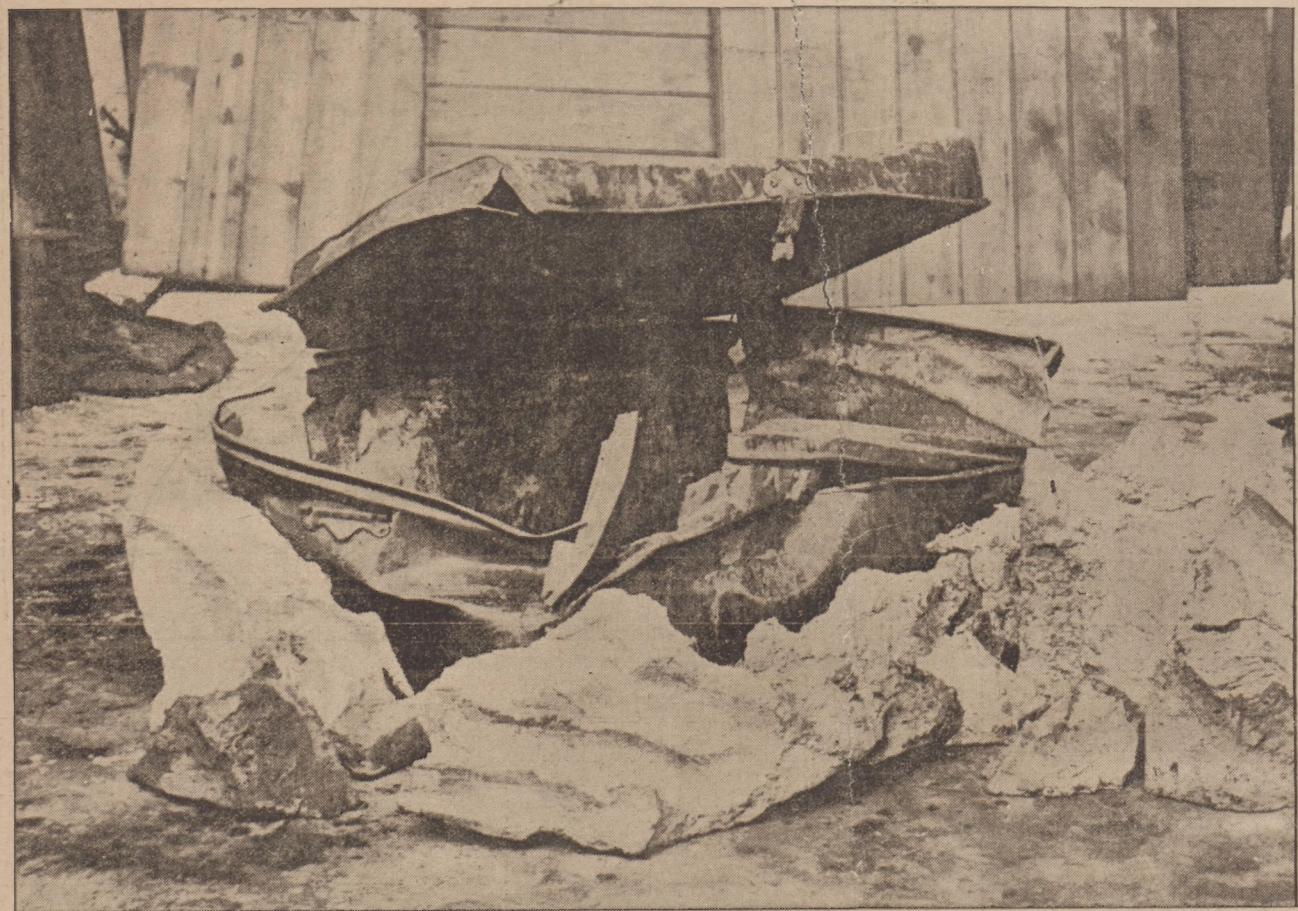
"Mother of three Public School boys" writes:—"Please do not advocate the gospel of insufficient nutrition. All the vegetarians I have met—true, the number is small—seem to me to be anaemic and not physically fit. When my boys come home for their holidays it is my delight to instruct my housekeeper to see that they have as much to eat (and the best of everything) as they desire. They are fine, athletic, healthy lads, and I hope to live long enough to see them all measuring forty round the chest and over six feet in height."

"A Japanese Undergraduate" (Oxford) writes:—"It is not fair to compare the food consumed by my countrymen (although they eat a good deal more than is generally supposed) with the standard which holds good in Europe. I myself, when I came here a few years ago, found I required twice as much nourishment as I did at home. It is a matter of climate and environment."

"A Believer in Guinness" says:—"Why not eat and have a good, sound bottle of stout for your luncheon and dinner daily? I thrive upon this diet, and haven't an ounce of superfluous fat upon my body."

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

CROSSMAN'S TRAGIC TRUNK FOR THE POLICE MUSEUM.



There is what might be termed a Criminal History Museum at Scotland Yard, where relics of the most notorious criminal cases are kept, not as treasures, but as object lessons in criminal methods. The collection comprises many gruesome articles, but none that possesses such terrible associations as this box, in which the modern "Bluebeard" of Kensal Rise buried his poor victim, Nurse Sampson, one of his many hapless wives. It is hoped by all right-thinking Englishmen and Englishwomen that Crossman's heinous crimes will go far to stop the "matrimonial advertisement" abomination.

[for the "Mirror."]

MERCANTILE CLUB.

London will shortly possess a club which is certain to be much appreciated.

Its title is "The Mercantile Club"; Mr. Philip Yorke, of the Tivoli, is the hon. secretary, and temporary premises have already been taken at 122, Cannon-street.

Arrangements are in progress to secure handsome premises, within a few minutes of Piccadilly.

circus, which will be furnished in comfortable club-like style. Beside the ordinary general rooms of a West End club, private rooms will be fitted up as offices, with telephones, typewriters, and all facilities for carrying on business. Other features will be an advertisement and a theatre-ticket bureau.

This institution will save office- and hotel expenses to many provincial firms whose business makes it necessary for them to have representatives in London nearly all the year round.

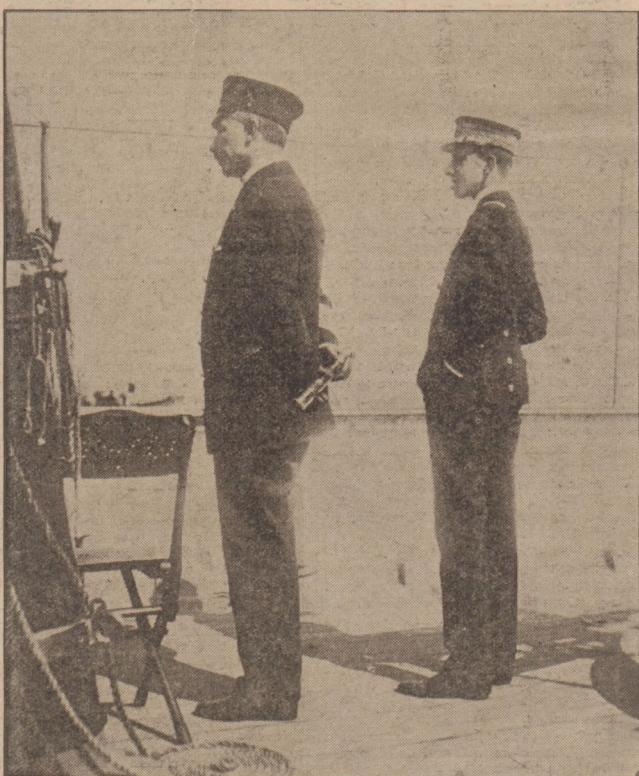
LITTLE TICH'S GIRL IMITATOR.



A glance at this picture, especially at those oar-like feet, immediately suggests the well-known antics of Little Tich. The girl imitator is Louise Balthy, a French comedian and dancer, who is making all Paris laugh to-day. Mr. Charles B. Cochran, John-street, Strand, is arranging to bring Mlle. Balthy to London for a season soon.

[Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.]

GERMAN EMPEROR AND KING OF SPAIN AT SEA.



The Mediterranean cruise of the German Emperor, on his sumptuous yacht, the Hohenzollern, has been a real holiday for the good of the Kaiser's health. Among the monarchs who have been his guests on board the young King of Spain is a distinct favourite with the Emperor. This photograph shows the two rulers together on deck.



This bu

which has always been a centre, comes into their Some two months ago, a committee of the Senate pride to speculate upon the Suffice it to say that the C made this munificent gift to the interests of the numerous year, attend the New Cr

MURGIE

Strange Delicacy
Served in th

Yesterday a *Mirror* latest addition to London Mahomed Futmeh, in to the Apollo Theatre.

On entering one is dressed in white, with blue bands in their puffed-up to a table on which is bread and cloisonné, and draped some purdahs and hang

The menu is a wonde

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This looks unpronounceable, toothsome. It means, I

Chicke

Prawn
Chicke

The "pilau" is the gre

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 145,000 COPIES PER DAY.

FOR LONDON STUDENTS.

University Benefits by the Goldsmiths' Generosity.

The Goldsmiths' New Cross Institute will hereafter become a valuable possession of London University, though in the meantime the Institute will continue under its present conditions until next autumn. The Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths have made this gift wholly unconditional, surrendering buildings, equipment, and apparatus complete. The idea is to promote the work of London University on the south-eastern side of the river. The Senate of the University have resolved to accept the Company's munificent offer subject only to the satisfactory settlement of certain administrative details.

Dual Control.

There are in London some twenty different educational institutions constituting the University. The Goldsmiths' gift of the New Cross Institute represents the first large institute to come under the University's control. A special committee has been appointed to formulate a scheme for the future management of the New Cross establishment. The transference will involve certain changes. Hereafter it will not be possible to continue the many recreative features of the Institute, nor is it thought likely that the technical classes will be maintained. London University is restricted to the teaching of the science and theory of crafts and, for this reason, the purely technical part of such education will remain under the control of the London County Council, at present. It is not, however, to be feared that London University will compete with the technical education work of the London County Council when the Institute at New Cross,

THE GOLDSMITHS' HANDSOME GIFT TO LONDON UNIVERSITY.



The generous and Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths have offered to hand over to the University of London the whole site of the Technical and Recreative Institute at New Cross, which bears their name. The gift includes the buildings, equipment, and apparatus in their entirety. The idea is to promote the work of the University in South London.

LADY ART STUDENTS SKETCHING FROM THE ANTIQUE.



This busy scene represents the art room in the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross, which has been gifted to the University of London.

which has always been a very important technical centre, comes into their hands.

Some two months must elapse before the committee of the Senate presents its scheme, and it is idle to speculate upon the nature of their decision. Suffice it to say that the Goldsmiths' Company have made this munificent gift with a single eye to the interests of the numerous students who, year after year, attend the New Cross institution.

MURGIE KA PILAU.

Strange Delicacies of the East Served in the West End.

Yesterday a *Mirror* representative visited the latest addition to London restaurants, opened by Mahomed Futymed, in Shaftesbury-avenue, next to the Apollo Theatre.

On entering one is confronted with three natives, dressed in white, with blue kummerbunds and blue bands in their puggarees, who usher the visitors to a table on which is beautiful Indian brass work and cloisonné, and draped with quaint but handsome purdahs and hangings.

The menu is a wonderful document:

Murgie ka Shirowa.
Murchie ka Salna.
Ghingy ka Salna.
Muree ka Pilau.
Khidgeree our Jhalfragee.
MITTHIAIE.
Thya Jhabeet.
Huloo.
Ludoo.
Amb. ka Muruba.
Kava our Dharu liqueur.

This looks unpromising, but is both simple and toothsome. It means, in English:

Chicken Soup.
Fish Curry.
Pork.
Chicken Pilau.

The "pilau" is the great Indian dish—a wonder-

ful mixture of rice, ghee, raisins, almonds, cinnamon, and other spices, with chicken or other meat.

Khidgeree and Hot Fry.

This is a mixture of rice and dhal cooked till nearly dry with curried meat, fried with chilies.

The mithiale (sweetmeats) are of a kind not often seen in this country, but a revelation in dainty toothsome.

Fresh Mangoe in Syrup.

Coffee and Dharu liqueur.

This liqueur is a mixture of rosewater, syrup, cardamoms, caraway seeds, and is a most seductive compound.

Mahomed Futymed, interviewed by the *Mirror* man, said the whole secret of the success of the curry was in grinding the several ingredients every day on the stone (masala) to obtain the absolute freshness essential in a good curry.

Served with the various dishes are marvellous concoctions of fresh chutney, green chutney, fresh-ground cocoanut, poppy duras (very thin flour cakes), and Bombay ducks (the dried Bhimilo fish of Bombay).

PASSION PLAY IN LONDON.

London is promised a reproduction of the Passion Play, as performed by the Bavarian peasants at Oberammergau every ten years.

The celebration of this extraordinary festival has attracted millions of people to this picturesque spot in the Bavarian Tyrol. Though the peasant-actors are not allowed to appear in this living "story of the Cross" away from their native place or at any other than the appointed time, two hundred stereoscopic views of the principal tableaux have been secured, and, through the enterprise of Mr. J. B. Mulholland, will be exhibited for the first time at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, to-morrow afternoon and on Good Friday afternoon and evening.

The presentation of these tableaux will be accompanied by an explanatory description of the scenes by Walter Benson, who, besides being a well-known actor, is, incidentally, the son of an eminent divine.



Here the lady artists of New Cross Institute are eagerly plying their pencils sketching from the life. Among them is their art master, ready to offer helpful criticisms to students in their various degrees of proficiency.

[The "Mirror,"

but as object
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Englishwomen
the "Mirror."

AT SEA.

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[the "Mirror,"

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich comisssaire of precious stones—Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.

MILES FARMOR: A scoundrel who went through a mock marriage with Pauline. He was arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, and died and was shot dead by Pauline's husband.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.

PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farmor.

SIR GRISSOM GRISWOLD: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.

JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.

ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham. His disappearance.

FANNY GRISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.

INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

was not until the following morning that Inspector Wright and Pére Totine came face to face.

The man was a typical Parisian cocher, rough and of unparalleled suavity of speech. So much, thought Wright, for a woman's intuition which could see the heart of gold beneath this remarkably rugged exterior.

The man scented the detective in Wright with an acumen which astonished that individual considerably. He denied point blank that he had been in the Avenue de P— on the afternoon in question, or that he had ever seen or helped to save an English lady in that thoroughfare, asserting in many picturesque language that to assist an English lady in any way was the last thought or action of which he was capable.

There is but one key to the heart of a cabby, Parisian or Cockney—a golden one. Pére Totine eyed the coins which Wright jingled greebly, but adhered to his statements.

Wright was enraged. He expressed his feelings in voluble, if unclassic, French. The cabman eyed him with a new approval.

"If I thought that you were straight—" he said, and paused.

"If you mean if you were sure that I am the young lady's friend, you may set your mind at rest," said Wright. "She sent me to find out if you had any knowledge of the man who addressed her, the fellow who spoke so roughly to her, don't you remember—frightened her."

The man stared at him and burst into a laugh. "The man who spoke to her!" he ejaculated; "that is good." He burst into another peal of laughter.

Wright returned his money to his pocket with a significant jingle and turned away.

Imminent loss softened the rancour of the John. After all, detective or no detective, the man looked mild enough. What possible harm could it do if he told what he had seen?

"There, there," he said, in a more conciliatory manner. "What are you going off for? You amused me a bit, that's all."

"I'm glad I made you," said Wright, and moved a few steps further.

The cabman clicked his teeth together contentedly.

"All right, old cock," he said. "It don't matter to me, only that laugh seems to have freshened my memory a bit. I seem to have an idea I did see something like what you mention in the Avenue de P—."

Wright halted.

"Ah," he said, dryly, "then what did you see?"

The man approached him confidentially.

"I was standing outside the Ancelot's shop, at about four o'clock in the afternoon two days ago," he said, "when I saw coming along at a brisk pace young François Mary, Bernadotte's new assistant. He was walking along as happy as you please, when suddenly a young lady, who had come out of a shop, catches sight of him, and, running after him, holds on to his sleeve, calling out something in English. He turns round quick, with the queerest expression I ever saw, and then—the man shrank with laughter—"she did look at him, jabbering away for all she was worth, and holding tight to his arm. He looked fairly frightened, I tell you; thought she was mad, I suppose. No offence, of course, sir."

"Oh, no, no," said Wright hastily. "And this François Mary—what of him? He spoke roughly to her—frightened her so that she fainted?"

"Not a bit," said the man emphatically; "not a bit. He was as sweet-spoken as you please. He has the grand manner, has François, and, not liking to actually offend the young lady, he seemed to me to twist himself out of her grip and dart

acule; not only for himself but for those also whom he liked, and, apart from any professional interest in the case, his liking for Cynthia Graham was so sincere and strong that to think she had laid herself open to insult and innuendo flicked him on the raw.

Yet this excellent Mary, of whom the cabman spoke, why should he have evinced fear? Why have fled before the face of a mere girl? The majority of Parisian youths would have acted in a very different fashion he felt convinced.

Such behaviour as the cabman and Cynthia recorded was, to say the least of it, the reverse of gallant.

The reception accorded to him by M. Bernadotte, the jeweller, however, was affable in the extreme. Had the detective come to register a purchase of some thousand francs, instead of to inquire about a mere assistant, he could not have been more polite. But politeness was all that Inspector Wright gained from him.

"François Mary," said the jeweller, with a frown. "Ah, yes, such a man was in my employ, but he is so no longer."

"Indeed," said Wright; "why is that?"

The man shrugged his shoulders.

"I cannot tell," he responded. "A maggot bit him, I suppose. He was with me for some six weeks. A most excellent salesman, conscientious, polite—oh, polite, very polite—but some two days ago he left me, for no reason, I assure you, no reason on either side—wished to try the other side of the river—a woman at the bottom of the

"excess."

Wright's disappointment was evident in his face. The jeweller looked at him closely.

"You were anxious to see him?" he interrogated; "nothing wrong, I hope?"

The detective fancied he glanced at him rather keenly.

"Oh, no," he replied, hastily. "Nothing wrong at all; I merely wished to communicate a piece of good fortune to him."

Words appeared to tremble on the jeweller's lips, but he said nothing for a moment, shrugging his shoulders again; then, looking towards a customer who had entered the shop, he closed the conversation.

"I am sorry," he said, "but that is all I can tell you, my dear sir. He left no address, but should I hear anything of him, if you will give me your name, I will communicate with you."

"Oh, it is a matter of no consequence really. I am passing I may look in again. I would not trouble you for the world."

With mutual expressions of courtesy the men parted, but as Wright left the establishment he was conscious of a singular feeling of dislike for the jeweller, which he could not define.

There the trail ended in an abounding tangle. Wright, making his notes for the day, found him self face to face with a blank wall, yet was haunted by a singular, almost feminine intuition that the sudden abandonment of his post by the man calling himself François Mary meant more to Cynthia Graham than either of them could possibly divine.

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Fabian Griswold was a clever man, but, like the rest of mortals, he had a weak spot in his character; he never saw when he had made a mistake until it was too late.

Even now he did not recognise that not only had he rendered himself insufferably odious in the eyes of Cynthia Graham, the woman he loved, but had put into her hand a suspicion which might prove a very blindfold to his fate.

Still confident, therefore, after his dismissal by

the girl, he went straight, with jaunty bearing, to call upon Pauline at the Villa Gloriette.

He found Mrs. Woodruffe in the very mood which rendered her most easy of attack, vacillating between intense dejection and faint hope. The day had been one fraught with much emotion to her; in the morning she had endeavoured to approach her husband tentatively with regard to the stranger who had accosted her on the road outside the house, but Woodruffe had refused point-blank to listen to her, saying that the matter was one which he did not wish reopened, and showing her clearly enough that her presence was an hourly insult, tolerated merely for the sake of their child.

Yet, on the other hand, with all a woman's fatal persistence, she clung to the belief that if she could once produce proof of the truth of her story of the mock marriage Woodruffe would forgive, refusing to face the fact that, though he might forgive her intent to deceive, yet she would still stand before him a strange woman. He had loved, wooed, married, so he had imagined, a girl from whom no hand had brushed the bloom; to discover five years later that she had deceived him from the very first, been the wife of another man, and a liar through thick and thin. All this, Pauline thought.

Her greeting of Griswold spoke well for her self-control. She met him with a charming and welcoming smile, as though he were the dearest sight for eyes so long exiled from her beloved London.

And her words bore out the assertion of her manner. "What news from London, my lord?" she said quaintly, and fell back, laughing. "You must not think me mad, but I feel medieval. My husband's strange craze for burying himself alive in this place has turned my brain. I am a lady of old days, most thoroughly under the tyranny of the stronger sex, I assure you. Would you believe it? On a clear day we can see the spires of Paris from our garden, yet since we entered into our tenancy here I have not set foot in it!"

"Surely you are a paragon of wifely submissiveness!" said Griswold, "most spouses, however devoted, would have discovered some pretty little eschewed method of evading such a marital edict."

Pauline made a little gesture of impatience. "Oh, you misunderstand me altogether," she said. "John does not forbid—if he did, of a surety I should have spent from noonday to nightfall in Paris. Oh, no! He merely tells me to amuse myself because he is busy, and by that very permission to run to the end of my tether destroys all desire to move from the garden. Oh, I'm getting terribly sentimental, I assure you—when we return to London I shall approach the publishers with a book: 'A Londoner's Summer'—A Lonely Woman in the Garden Gloriette." It will make a sensation. I have no doubt at all about that."

"I am sure it will be intensely interesting," said Griswold, meaningly. "There will be none of the peacefulness and gentle merriment of the days usual in gardening books. The emotions which you must have undergone in this very charming garden must surely have been unusual to a degree. By the way, I have not had an opportunity yet to converse with you on that singularly tragic affair which occurred just before you left London. Dear, dear, the world is full of strange happenings! It was he, not I?"

The look which accompanied his lugubriously uttered words was completely at variance with them. His eyes held Pauline's with an insolent mockery. He gave his broad shoulders the faintest quiver of a shrug, a shrug which might have been the outward upheaval of inward laughter.

To be continued to-morrow.

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,
Daily Illustrated Mirror,
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had probably been a witness of the girl's encounter with the man who was Arthur Stanton or Arthur Stanton's ghost.

"This Pére Totine," he asked, with elaborate carelessness, "does he live near here? I should like to reward him in some way or other. I suppose he is on a rank or something of that kind?"

"Oh, yes; his cab stands on the rank just round the corner," replied Madame Ancelot. "He is a most worthy man; oh, mon Dieu, yes, most worthy; we have known him for years; rough, monsieur understands, but with a heart of gold. He was outside our door because one of my lodgers is a regular customer of his—employs him once a week to take him to the cemetery where his husband is buried."

Unfortunately for Wright and his wish to escape a long interview, he had hit upon an unlucky theme, for Madame burst into a flood of vivacious gossip relating to this lodger, which led as a matter of course to comments on other inmates of her day, past and present.

When Wright finally got away from the sound of her volatile tongue his head buzzed. He set out for the cab-stand which the chemist had indicated to him at once, but luck was against him, for when he reached it Pére Totine was absent, and though he returned twice in the course of the day, misfortune dogged him.

On one occasion the driver had taken his horse back to the stables; on the second he found that the man had knocked off work early, so that it

across the road. Thereupon she staggered and would have fallen—know the rest."

With an adroit movement he transferred the coins which Wright tendered to him to a capacious pocket, and the detective found himself a disappointed man.

"This Mary," he said, "the assistant of Bernadotte—do you know him at all?"

The man shook his head.

"No, he is a stranger. But Bernadotte will doubtless tell you all about him. You try Bernadotte." He chuckled quietly to himself.

"Where is his shop?"

"Not two hundred yards from M. Ancelot's; further up the Avenue de P—," replied the cabman.

Further parley with this jocose individual offered no attractions or possible result to the detective. He thanked him for his information and walked away, feeling certain that the moment that his back was turned the excellent Totine would turn him into a figure of infinite jest for the benefit of his colleagues on the rank.

As Wright walked in the direction of Bernadotte's shop he felt intensely disgusted. Obviously Cynthia was wholly mistaken in her belief that the man she had addressed was Arthur Stanton, and owing to her mistake he had been brought upon a wild goose chase, while perhaps in London a red-hot trail might have presented itself before him. The laughter of the cabman grated upon him also. He was sensitive to ridi-

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GREAT MEN'S LITTLE WAYS.

Strange Superstitious Fears and Fancies of Famous People.

Explorations in the domain of "Wise men's fears and brave hearts' trepidations," cost our Special Commissioner much time and trouble.

He approached three great men directly as a test, and from two received no reply. The third sent a curt postcard, saying he "could not remember anything he was afraid of." His memory—he was an eminent statesman—is short, for an intimate friend subsequently declared that he was in mortal terror of earwigs.

Our Commissioner was driven to enquire among the Great Men's friends and domestics, an unpalatable task in the latter case, for one exceptional valet, to whom his master was a hero, replied rudely, "My master is afraid of nothing except fools, so you had better go away."

Mr. Balfour's Hens.

Information, nevertheless, was forthcoming. The Bishop of Lincoln and Maxim Gorky, our Commissioner was assured, are afraid of cats, but M. Gorky's "special dreads and nightly palpitations" are inspired only by black cats. Mr. Balfour is afraid of hens, and, judging by his record as a motorist, the hens are also not without apprehensions.

"Mr. Winston Churchill would be a great man if he were afraid of himself," said one intimate friend, evading the question. The Duke of Devonshire is superstitious on the count of emeralds. Mr. Wyndham dreads blue china, and has a very valuable piece of Sévres which he keeps under lock and key.

Sir Edward Carson fears leprechauns. Mr. Ritchie believes that newly-coined sovereigns bring him ill-luck. Our Commissioner's fear is exactly the converse. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is "afraid of everything absurd, and is intensely sensitive to personal ridicule, especially when his tormentors happen to be feminine," said a political friend.

Lord Rosebery always fidgets at the sight of pink, and he once lost the thread of a speech when



LORD ROBERTS.

who never feared his country's foemen, dreads cats, camels, and blue stamps. He has also a marked antipathy to red tape.

he saw a lady in pink sitting near him on a political platform. Mr. W. J. Bryan will never stay in room No. 17 of an hotel.

Mr. Lloyd-George, our Commissioner was informed by a well-known doctor in the principality, "hates to see a Welshman sitting on a fence," but he can tolerate a Scotchman.

General Buller "fears nothing but dirt." Admiral Fisher "has no particular dread." Lord Charles Beresford believes that yellow is a bad racing colour. Lord Roberts dislikes and fears "cats, camels, and blue postage stamps. When



GENERAL BADEN-POWELL.

fears cold floors, and when getting out of his bed, puts his boots on while his feet are dangling. Sketches by a 'Mirror' artist.

sending a letter abroad he invariably uses penny and halfpenny stamps."

Don Carlos fears lizards, Jules Verne "persons with spattered fingers," and Mr. John Burns opals.

Mr. Brodrick is superstitious on the count of feather beds, and Sir Henry Thompson has a

superstition that books in blue binding bring ill-luck.

Mr. Frank Dicksee, a friend of his asserts, "dreads tinned food of all descriptions." The Lord Chief Justice cannot stand any kind of perfume, and Sir Frederick Treves confesses that he feels ill at ease when compelled to stand in close proximity to a high-power electric arc lamp.

The present Lord Salisbury is afraid of purple, whereas his father disliked and presumably feared, green. Lord Kelvin's aversion is brown boots, Mr. Yerkes' buckwheat cake. "Mr. Verkes," wrote another friend, "always mutters a counter-spell when he sees men cleaning street lamps."

Always Have a Partner.

The Tsar, who is a keen tennis player, will never play "singles," on the ground that it is unlucky to play any game in which only two can take part. M. Pobiedonostseff, one of his chief advisers, has a superstition that ikons, coloured otherwise than by hand, are against the Divine order, and some years ago he issued a circular to the Russian monasteries condemning lithography and colouring by machinery. General Kuropatkin, during his campaign with Skobelev in Central Asia, believed that "saxaul" a plant used by the Russians to hold the drifting sand would bring misfortune. A Moscow correspondent wrote that Admiral Alexieff "has a dread of being poisoned."

Cold Feet Fear.

Mr. Alfred Austin has confessed to a friend that he is naturally afraid of the dark. "When I enter a dark room," said the Poet Laureate, "I instinctively put my hands out before me. I do this



THE PRIME MINISTER

has a wholesome fear of chickens, which extends to the political chickens now being hatched for the General Election market.

even in my own home, and when I know well that there is nothing in the room with which I can possibly collide."

Sir Hiram Maxim is firmly convinced that pearls bring misfortune. Captain Dreyfus in summertime, is possessed by a constant fear of sunstroke, and both Mr. James Gordon-Bennett and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle dread "all kinds of creeping things."

Inspector Melville, who recently retired from the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, has throughout his career been haunted by a fear that he would some day be incapacitated by illness. Admiral Fremantle's greatest dread is death by drowning, and according to a relation of General Baden-Powell, the hero of Mafeking, "fears nothing more than putting his feet over the edge of his bed on a bitterly cold night."

MISTRESSES AND SERVANTS.

Suggested Form of a Moral Bill of Lading.

Mr. Charles Stewart's book upon the state of the law as at present existing between employer and servant has induced Mr. Skewes-Cox, on the penultimate day of the sitting of Parliament, which rose yesterday, to introduce a Bill upon the subject. Mr. Stewart is of opinion that every servant should carry a kind of "dossier," or record, set forth thus:—

I certify that _____ has been in my employment from (date) to (date) _____
That his (or her) character during that period has been as follows:—
Moral character generally _____
Honesty _____
Sobriety _____
Candidness _____
Industry _____
Skill at his (or her) work _____
Good temper _____
Obligingness _____
Civility _____
Health _____
The _____ has (or had) no bad character, as far as his or her own desire, and that the reason for his (or her) leaving my service is that _____

The particulars would be filled in by each succeeding employer, under a possible penalty for misrepresentation. At a large West End registry office yesterday the proprietor—a lady of wide experience—told a *Mirror* representative that the scheme might possibly answer very well.

"For my part," she said, "I try to get at the real truth concerning the character of the servants I recommend. But I, as well as my clients, are often grievously disappointed. It is impossible to trace the daily movements of a servant. She may be out of a situation for a month, and much may happen during that period."

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16ft. by 28ft. 625/-
18ft. by 30ft. 675/-
20ft. by 32ft. 725/-
22ft. by 34ft. 775/-
24ft. by 36ft. 825/-
26ft. by 38ft. 875/-
28ft. by 40ft. 925/-
30ft. by 42ft. 975/-
32ft. by 44ft. 1,025/-
34ft. by 46ft. 1,075/-
36ft. by 48ft. 1,125/-
38ft. by 50ft. 1,175/-
40ft. by 52ft. 1,225/-
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624ft. by 636ft. 15,825/-
626ft. by 638ft. 15,875/-
628ft. by 640ft. 15,925/-
630ft. by 642ft. 15,975/-
632ft. by 644ft. 16,025/-
634ft. by 646ft. 16,075/-
636ft. by 648ft. 16,125/-
638ft. by 650ft. 16,175/-
640ft. by 652ft. 16,225/-
642ft. by 654ft. 16,275/-
644ft. by 656ft. 16,325/-
646ft. by 658ft. 16,375/-
648ft. by 660ft. 16,425/-
650ft. by 662ft. 16,475/-
652ft. by 664ft. 16,525/-
654ft. by 666ft. 16,575/-
656ft. by 668ft. 16,625/-
658ft. by 670ft. 16,675/-
660ft. by 672ft. 16,725/-
662ft. by 674ft. 16,775/-
664ft. by 676ft. 16,825/-
666ft. by 678ft. 16,875/-
668ft. by 680ft. 16,925/-
670ft. by 682ft. 16,975/-
672ft. by 684ft. 17,025/-
674ft. by 686ft. 17,075/-
676ft. by 688ft. 17,125/-
678ft. by 690ft. 17,175/-
680ft. by 692ft. 17,225/-
682ft. by 694ft. 17,275/-
684ft. by 696ft. 17,325/-
686ft. by 698ft. 17,375/-
688ft. by 700ft. 17,425/-
690ft. by 702ft. 17,475/-
692ft. by 704ft. 17,525/-
694ft. by 706ft. 17,575/-
696ft. by 708ft. 17,625/-
698ft. by 710ft. 17,675/-
700ft. by 712ft. 17,725/-
702ft. by 714ft. 17,775/-
704ft. by 716ft. 17,825/-
706ft. by 718ft. 17,875/-
708ft. by 720ft. 17,925/-
710ft. by 722ft. 17,975/-
712ft. by 724ft. 18,025/-
714ft. by 726ft. 18,075/-
716ft. by 728ft. 18,125/-
718ft. by 730ft. 18,175/-
720ft. by 732ft. 18,225/-
722ft. by 734ft. 18,275/-
724ft. by 736ft. 18,325/-
726ft. by 738ft. 18,375/-
728ft. by 740ft. 18,425/-
730ft. by 742ft. 18,475/-
732ft. by 744ft. 18,525/-
734ft. by 746ft. 18,575/-
736ft. by 748ft. 18,625/-
738ft. by 750ft. 18,675/-
740ft. by 752ft. 18,725/-
742ft. by 754ft. 18,775/-
744ft. by 756ft. 18,825/-
746ft. by 758ft. 18,875/-
748ft. by 760ft. 18,925/-
750ft. by 762ft. 18,975/-
752ft. by 764ft.

ZOO'S COMEDIAN.

Sammy, the New Polar Bear, Wants a Tail to Play With.

Sam, the old Polar bear, who was the low comedian of the Zoo, is dead. But Sammy, the youngster who has succeeded him, bids fair to be even more popular with juvenile audiences than was his predecessor.

Sammy is a born comedian. A *Daily Mirror* representative, who spent yesterday morning with him—not on the same side of the bars—found him a most delightful entertainer. Full of the joy of life he rolled out of bed and plunged into his bath. Then he jumped around like a frolicsome kitten, and a brute the size of a large Newfoundland dog playing like a kitten looks very funny.

BABY PLAYTHING.

His gaiety, however, is hampered by one natural deficiency. He is handicapped by having no tail to chase. This, the authorities at the Zoo endeavour to make him forget by providing him with a wooden plaything, and Sammy secones their attempts to the best of his ability. He fiercely chases the wooden block round the cage, then looks the other way and pretends he does not see it; to jump on it and shake the life out of it a moment later.

In the midst of this sport he suddenly caught sight of the interviewer, and promptly hid his head behind his paws.

"He is shy with strangers. He is only a baby, you know," explained his keeper. "Come out, Sammy, and be introduced."

Sammy blinked doubtfully over his paws. Young as he is he is a great doubter of human nature,

EASTER EGGS EVERYWHERE.

Menagerie of Sugar Animals as Seasonable Offerings.

The Easter egg is dominating all the confectioners' shops.

The manufacture of the eggs begins immediately after Christmas and special artists are employed in their making. This year, despite what the grumblers call the depression in trade, there has been a big demand for eggs. The shops are full of folk buying them for presents, many of them intended for abroad; children with their arms full of suggestively shaped packages still clamouring for more, and hinting at the purchase of every sort of egg they don't happen to have in their arms already.

Altogether one would think, to judge by the confectioner's shop, that the whole aim and object of Easter is the providing of the Easter egg.

The variety at Messrs. Buzzards in Oxford-street is almost confusing—chocolate eggs from half an inch long to nearly two feet, and ranging in price from a shilling to two guineas, crystallised eggs that take ten days to make; rich satin eggs, hand-painted, costing thirty shillings apiece; cloth eggs, lacquer eggs in Japanese style, wooden eggs, glass eggs, and fancy eggs of all kinds. Fowls in chocolate, sitting on nests with fondant sugar eggs all round them, and basket-work eggs with little sweetstuff chickens inside, and quilted silk eggs on gill stands.

Many strange orders come in for special novelties. A customer has ordered a six-foot egg, which a man cannot get his arms round, while another wanted an Easter egg large enough to hold a hand camera.

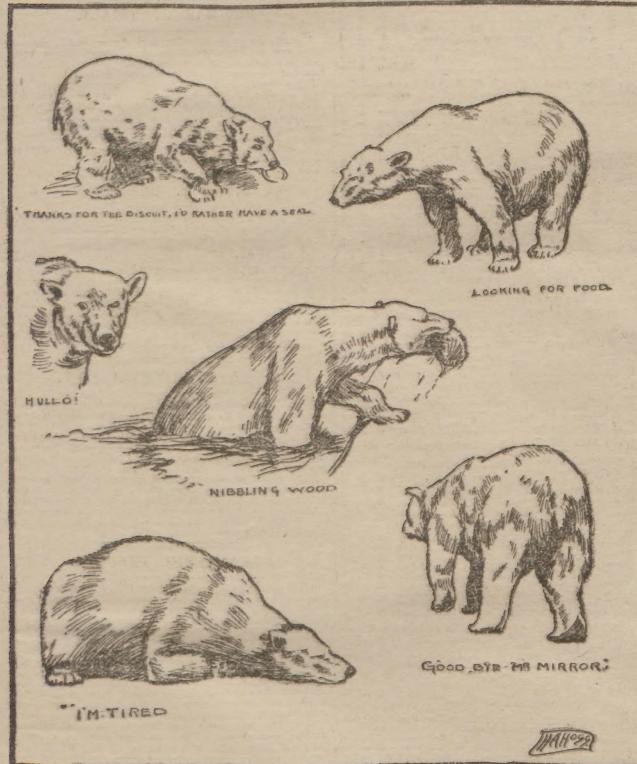
Then under the heading of eggs come all manner of strange egg-shaped animals, including hares,

STUDY OF A GIRL BY LALLIE CHARLES.



This beautiful picture is one of Mme. Lallie Charles's best. The celebrated society photographer, Mme. Charles, has probably taken more society women and children Drawn by a "Mirror" than any other photographer in London. [Artist from a photo.]

THE BABY POLAR BEAR AT THE ZOO.



Parents and guardians who take their little folk to the Zoo during the holidays should not fail to let them see the nine-month-old baby Polar bear. His name is Sammy, and his kittenish capers will soon make him the pet of all London children. [Sketched by a "Mirror" artist.]

and the interviewer felt his character was being weighed in the balance. The result was at last satisfactory, and the lively cub consented to make friends, after which he resumed his game with the log of wood.

MATERNAL LOVE.

It was less than five months ago that Sammy came to the Zoo, and he is now nine months old. He was captured on an ice-hummock in the Polar region, but too fond of his mother to leave her body after she had been shot by some whalers. He soon became reconciled to her loss, and lived happily enough in his tub on the deck of the whaler until transported to the Zoo.

Here he is as happy as the day is long. But he has two sorrows, and when, tired out with his three hours' frolic, he bade good-bye to the interviewer, they were obviously uppermost in his mind. His troubles are the English rain, which he finds very worrying, and the lack of a tail to play with.

LICENSED BUTCHERS.

The Associated Chambers of Agriculture, at their meeting yesterday, adopted a resolution stating that all retailers of imported meat should be licensed, and that all foreign meat should be marketed.

Mr. Cameron, Produce Commissioner for New Zealand, said it was a well-known fact that foreign meat was fraudulently sold in great quantities for English meat. The fraud was carried on in a remarkably barefaced manner, and caused a direct loss to the English producer and consumer, although it was a direct gain to the butcher.

WEATHER AFFECTS MARRIAGE.

In the Summer a Young Man's Fancy Turns to Love.

What effect the weather has upon marriages and births and deaths is a point not frequently discussed, but it is interesting to note from the Registrar-General's returns that in the chill March quarter marriages fall to their lowest number, and rise to their highest in the balmy days of April, May, and June.

This may be seen from the number for March quarter—45,497; but by the end of June the number leaps to 72,964, this average being well maintained for the remainder of the year.

Births are more frequent between April and September, and the greatest number of deaths take place from October to March.

The total number of marriages in England and Wales last year was 260,694, and of these 40,215 took place in London.

Births during the same period numbered 482,191 males and 465,758 females, the number for London being 60,591 males and 64,315 females.

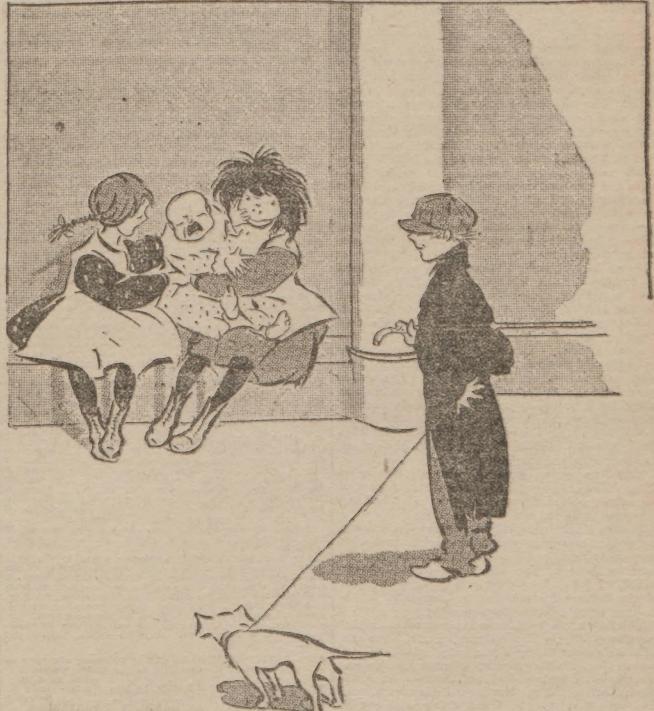
During that year the deaths were recorded of 266,338 males and 248,112 females, of which 36,370 males and 33,698 females died in London.

behaved so outrageously that ladies were frightened at going on the train.

Certain it is, however, that the Crown Prince possesses a very distinct personality of his own, and does not hesitate to do exactly as he pleases. His love affairs, which are many and various, have given rise to many romantic stories. When he was staying at English country houses last summer his susceptibility was amazing. He fell in and out of love with every pretty girl he met with a considerable amount of impartiality and rapidity. His tastes, moreover, are essentially English, and, as is the case with most Germans, the English girl is in his eyes considered to be the ideal standard of feminine charm.

Quite recently the Crown Prince's name has been freely coupled with that of a fair American singer, who, during the present week, has been performing at Monte Carlo. This particular episode is, however, at an end. Still, it seems probable that the gaiety of nations may be sensibly increased from time to time by means of the boyish and harmless philanderings of the future German Emperor.

NOT QUITE WHAT SHE MEANT.



"Isn't our James Albert a swell to-day, Sammy?"
SAMMY—"Oh, a regular howler!"

